

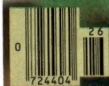
JUNE 26, 1978

\$1.00

TIME

Moscow vs. Washington
The Spy War

Women In Sports







Take 8 major companies
that serve America's basic needs.
Fit them all together and what do you have?

Tenneco.

Here's why Tenneco's 8 highly diversified businesses fit together so well: each operates independently, so there's plenty of room for initiative in serving their basic markets. At the same time investment plans are developed from an overall point of view, with particular emphasis on national priorities like energy. Look at some of the results:

1 Tenneco Oil. We've been doing one of the most important jobs in this country—finding new energy within this country. We're drilling onshore and off in our search for oil and gas reserves.

2 J I Case. There are always homes to be built. Thus, there is a continuing need for our Case backhoe/loaders, plus associated lines of construction equipment from Davis and Drott. There are always mouths to be fed, thus a continuing need for Case agricultural tractors.

3 Packaging Corporation of America. We're doing everything from investing in new timberlands, in reforestation, to recycling old newspapers to be sure we never run out of wood pulp. All for the indispensable cartons and corrugated containers that carry a significant part of America's GNP to market.

4 Tenneco West. You can improve breakfast with the premium Sun Giant® brand of fresh fruits. You can improve dinner with Sun Giant fresh vegetables. You can even

improve the kid's snack time with Sun Giant raisins, dates and almonds.

5 Newport News Industrial. A division of Newport News Shipyard. This is where Tenneco turns seapower into candlepower. In developing the nuclear technology for ships, we also learned how to supply components and services for nuclear power stations that help keep your lights burning.

6 Tenneco Automotive. Tenneco companies make auto parts that get rough use, like exhaust systems, catalytic converters, filters and shock absorbers. Quality is a must and our Walker Manufacturing and Monroe Auto Equipment supply it.

7 Tenneco Chemicals. Tenneco is literally painting the town red, blue, green and yellow. We're the country's leading manufacturer of colorants and additives for paint.

8 Tennessee Gas Transmission. We're drilling for natural gas far north of the Arctic Circle in Canada. If enough can be found, our plan would be to pipeline it down to the U.S. This is one of the many projects designed to supply our 16,000-mile pipeline system and its customers in the Northeast and Midwest.

For more information about the diversified company that fits together so well, write to Dept. E-3, Tenneco Inc., Houston, Texas 77001.

Tenneco

A Letter from the Publisher

The tense and determined young lacrosse player on this week's cover is not a superstar. Nor is it her team we are celebrating, though it happens to be the national champion. Instead, our cover story is about the revolution that is taking place on the country's playing fields as, at all ages and levels, women have moved into the world of sport.

By no coincidence, Associate Editor B.J. Phillips, who wrote the cover, is a woman. She is also our regular sportswriter and a diehard baseball fan who spent a Southern small-town childhood hoping to make the major leagues. She did enjoy a brief career on the sandlot, but when at 14 she came home bleeding from a spike wound, her mother took a hard stand. Says Phillips: "That's when I became a proper young lady."

Not until she joined TIME's Central Park softball team in 1970 did Phillips get back out on a diamond. This time she stayed. She treated herself to a \$60 fielder's glove—"nobody's autograph, a real pro glove"—and she also became a hitter, with a .427 average last season. Reports Phillips: "Last week I hit a home run, a good, honest, hard hit.

And I couldn't go to sleep that night, I was so excited. I tingled from the wonderful freedom and joy of connecting with that ball."

Ellie McGrath, who wrote the accompanying story on physiology and how it affects women's sports, was also steered away from athletics as a child. Three years ago she began long-distance running as a diversion, took on the Yonkers marathon to test herself, survived the 26.2-mile course and was hooked. Now she averages 30 to 40 miles a week up New York's Riverside Park to the George Washington Bridge and back. She also trains and competes regularly on one of the best amateur women's teams in the country, the Greater New York Athletic Association.

McGrath's experience in the New York City marathon underlines the thesis of our story. In 1976, running the 26.2-mile course in 3 hr. 46 min., she was the 22nd woman to finish. That year 88 women started in the race. Last year 260 started, and 68 finished in 3 hr. 45 min. or less. Something is happening out there. Fast.



McGrath rounds a turn



Phillips sizes a pitch

Jack Meyers

Index

Cover: Photograph by Neil Leifer.



54 Cover: Don't call her a tomboy—not any more. For the first time, American females are enjoying the full benefits of competitive athletics, and the result is a marvelously exciting revolution on the playing fields. See **SPORT**.



8 Nation: Politicians join the tax revolt as the reverberation of Proposition 13 rumbles across the nation. ▶ Carter goes to Panama. ▶ Was Alexander Solzhenitsyn right in his criticism of the U.S.? Eight Americans reply.



28 The Spy War: The story was by Russia's Ian Fleming: a woman CIA agent was caught passing poison and data to a Soviet accomplice. The looking-glass mirrors of espionage mirrors a larger East-West conflict. See **WORLD**.

32 World

Fresh tensions in Lebanon as the Israelis pull out. ▶ Indochina's suffering refugees. ▶ A new crisis in Italy.

46 Music

Power pop purveyors from Britain are setting loose some rocking good times. ▶ What's new and good in the classics.

50 Economy & Business

The Administration wins a skirmish in the war on inflation. ▶ Japan throttles back. ▶ Storm over the Omni-Horizon.

63 Law

Defending the rights of Nazis to march in Skokie, Ill., has cost the A.C.L.U. members and dollars. ▶ Son of Sam is sentenced.

64 Science

A 6,000-year-old building, oldest ever found in Britain, shows that the ancient Scots may have been well advanced.

67 Press

Washington's only afternoon daily, the *Star*, gets an infusion of talent at the top—a new editor and a new publisher.

69 Art

Genre screens of old Japan, the visual equivalent of Victorian novels, beguilingly depict the facts of daily life.

70 Environment

On the Galapagos Islands, officials strive to save the flora and fauna that Darwin cited in his theory of evolution.

74 Medicine

To solve the problem of finding the right drug for cancer patients, University of Arizona researchers devise a new lab test.

75 Books

Emily Hahn shows how animals ape human speech. ▶ Irving Kristol has cheers, and raspberries, for capitalism.

79 Theater

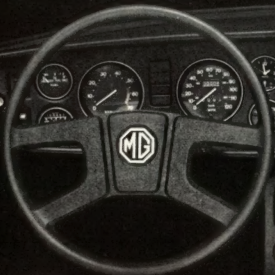
Some of the plays are good, but alas, some of the acting is lead at the silver anniversary of Ontario's Stratford Festival.

4 Letters

7 American Scene

72 People

74 Milestones



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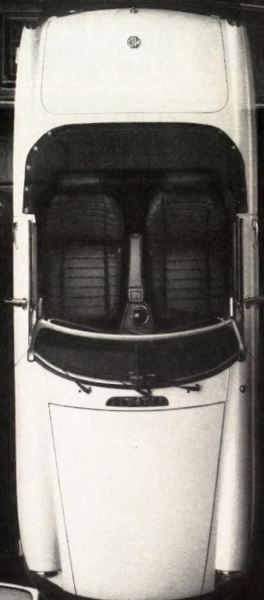
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Letters

Africa: The Crisis in Zaïre

To the Editors:

Nothing has turned my stomach more than your article concerning the Katangese rebels' recent "invasion" of Shaba province in southern Zaïre (June 5). It would seem that the rebels were more concerned with pillaging, murdering and raping the innocent citizens than with gaining political recognition. I feel that President Carter should take a firmer stand in Africa, regardless of the SALT talks with the Soviets.

Bob Kerr Jr.
Irvine, Calif.

igned, it is also the most feared and respected. At full strength and without a hand tied behind its back, it could be the perfect answer to the Cubans in Africa.

Boris Plotnikoff
Southampton, N.Y.

No one gave a damn about the Ogaden desert, but Shaba copper is something else. Now we have a new policy toward Africa: limited Viet Nam.

Joseph W. Mosser
Washington, D.C.

According to President Carter, the Soviets are "innate racists" who are doomed to fail in the Third World. What's all the fuss about then?

Aaso Thompson
Arlington, Va.

Cheers for the Crescent

Thank you for your piece on the *Southern Crescent* (June 5). As a 23-year-old commuter to my parents' home in Georgia, I find the train practical, convenient and the best sleeping in the world. Unfortunately, I am afraid those ICC hearings are like the one I attended here. It was more a showcase for Southern's attorneys than a chance for the people who really ride the train to speak up and have their opinions heard.

"For every environmental, ecological and romantic reason," our train is worth fighting for.

Sally Williams
Charlottesville, Va.

One does not have to be an energy expert to tell that our country's energy programs are off the track. Not only are trains like the *Southern Crescent* a joy to travel in but they are energy efficient. Instead of retiring the *Crescent* and her sister trains, the ICC might (perish the thought) cooperate with the Department of Energy and develop some incentives: ride instead of drive.

James R. Powers
Fort Wayne, Ind.

If the *Southern Crescent* is "lavish," it is by default only, mostly because of lowered standards of service in America and particularly on Amtrak. The *Crescent* is the typical 1960-era passenger train, and no better. It just lasted longer. In defense of the much maligned private railroad operation of passenger service, I wish Americans had supported good service when we had it, rather than rhapsodize now that it is gone.

Paul Kroeger
Logansport, Ind.

Your cover illustration "political jungle" depicts the "beasts" roaming the African jungles, but fails to portray the victims: the African natives.

Edmond Loyd
Foster City, Calif.

Cuba and Angola should not bear any responsibilities for the so-called invasion of Shaba by Katangese rebels. What Jimmy Carter fails to realize is that Africa is determined to wipe out completely Western domination of the continent. Cuba has the blessing of Africans, especially the younger generation, and anyone who opposes Cuba in Africa digs his own grave.

Jonathan Mayo
Culver City, Calif.

You reveal General Mobutu of Zaïre to be a corrupt, dishonest dictator, yet the free world came to his aid to drive out the rebels. Why do we have to support such a tyrant, thus giving sustenance to the charge of the socialist world that we are neocolonialists?

Leonard Boyer
New York City

As an ex-legionnaire, I say three cheers for the French Foreign Legion, the greatest fighting unit of our times.

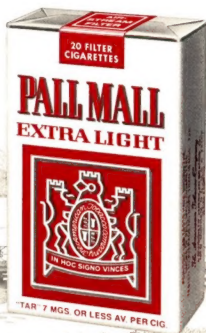
Most often bad-mouthed and ma-

The reasoning behind maintaining the *Southern Crescent* at taxpayer expense completely escapes me. Why must the

Decisions...decisions... Make your decision

PALL MALL EXTRA LIGHT

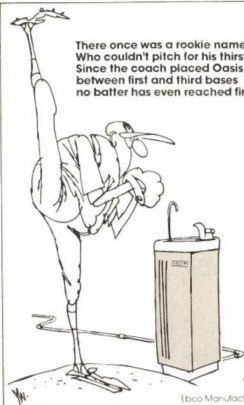
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Letters

taxpayers continue to subsidize these big toys so that a handful of railroad buffs can practice their nostalgia?

Donald E. Freudenheim
Birmingham, Mich.

Death with Dignity

To die free from pain, never having to beg for medication to relieve pain, to be able to say goodbye to family and friends, is truly death with dignity. The hospice movement (June 5), so long overdue, is making these rights a reality.

Patricia A. Chambers
New York City

How long it takes in this country to do the obvious!

Decent, humane places for the terminally ill could have been provided decades ago with some of the millions the Cancer Foundation has wheeled out of a considerable number of desperate relatives of these martyrs.

(Mrs.) Lucille E. Schmidt
Detroit

Americans find it difficult to accept death. I feel that the hospice is just another institution. If the family is willing and able, the person should be allowed to remain at home.

When the family is able to adjust to the idea of impending death, visiting nurses can provide skilled nursing care, encouragement and emotional support.

Mary E. Libbey, R.N.
Norwood Visiting Nurses Assn. Inc.
Norwood, Mass.

Tender, Touching or Sloppy

Contrary to Richard Schickel's unflattering appraisal of Joe Brooks' *If Ever I See You Again* (June 5), I found the movie to be tender, touching and entertaining. I feel that Mr. Brooks is a "multitalented," not "multiambitious," creator who has proved himself with this film. His scoring is superb, his songs are chart busters, his directing is solid, and his acting is completely natural, relaxed and refreshingly "non-Hollywoodish."

Bruce M. Nash
West Palm Beach, Fla.

I was hoping he wouldn't disappoint me, and he didn't. Richard Schickel's review of *If Ever I See You Again* tells it like it was: sloppy tripe, with not even good-looking actors to redeem it. I hadn't been to a movie in ten years when I went to see it. Now it will be 20.

Janet Blair Dominick
Altamonte Springs, Fla.

Support for the Shah

Re "The Shah vs. the Shi'ites" (June 5): I must state that the people of Iran can surely afford full political freedom. Those ruthless troublemakers caus-

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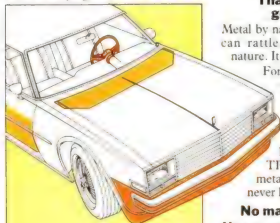
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American Scene

In Mississippi: The KKK Suits Up

In the room at the Holiday Inn in Tupelo, Miss., there are no towels. But there is a fly swatter with a sign on its handle that reads FOR EMERGENCY USE ONLY. A visitor in Tupelo gets told again and again, "This town could be the model for all other Southern towns." On normal Saturday mornings, the main street fills up peacefully with shoppers, black and white, from all over Lee County, plus a sprinkling of reverent tourists looking for Elvis Presley's birthplace.

On this Saturday morning, seven Ku Klux Klansmen are sitting at a table in the Holiday Inn coffeeshop eating grits and scrambled eggs. Wives and children have been put at smaller tables. Out behind the inn, a dozen Mississippi state highway patrolmen are clustered around the trunk of a car, joking and passing out bullets like jelly beans as they draw a day's supply of ammunition. "Did you count 'em? I give you 18, didn't I?" says one. "Now, you know I can't count," comes the reply. One of them tells me they are going to shoot skeet. "Yeah, down at the skeet march," adds another. Everyone finds this hilarious.

But the people of Tupelo, torn between sheer incredulity and cold fear, do not find their situation funny. Tupelo (pop. 26,500) managed to tiptoe all the way through the '60s without any civil rights trouble. Ever since spring, though, local blacks have been boycotting stores, first to protest the failure of the city to fire two white policemen accused of beating a black prisoner, then, when the two resigned, to demand more jobs. And here is the Ku Klux Klan threatening a rally and cross-burning outside town on the very day that the United League of North Mississippi, a black civil rights group, has scheduled a protest march. Both groups are headed for the county courthouse. All week little Southern Airway's 18-seat Metros, known locally as "weed eaters," have been pumping in from Memphis and Atlanta, loaded with Klansmen and league supporters from as far away as San Francisco.

In the Waflle House coffeeshop on Gloster Street, Jerry Rice groans, "I think there are a lot of people like me who just can't believe these guys are still running around in sheets. This is 1978." Walter Christian, a local insurance man, grumbles, "Why did they pick Saturday, anyway? Saturday is our busiest shopping day." Most people have a deeper fear. They are pretty sure there will be a shoot-

ing. "Life is cheaper down here than in the North," says Mel Blatt, who migrated to Mississippi from New York a few years back. "You don't have to do much to get yourself shot."

Just before noon, 600 blacks step out from the Springhill Missionary Baptist Church on Green Street and head silently for the courthouse, walking three abreast and carrying signs reading SMASH THE KLAN. A police helicopter whirls overhead. The 65-member Tupelo police force is stationed along the route, looking like a seedy version of a TV SWAT team. Most carry 12-gauge pump guns or rifles (some with bayonets), and several big old boys are bulging out of blue bulletproof vests. They look mad. "I walked point for 31 days in a row in Viet Nam," says a



Arms raised in salute, Klansmen ring their blazing cross

young black marcher. "I was tense, but not scared. That's how I feel today."

Meanwhile, down at the auto center, 50 Klansmen are suiting up, clumsily pulling robes and floppy hoods on over their street clothes. Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson, a stocky little man from Denham Springs, La., has arrived in his long gray Chrysler. He likes to tell people it once belonged to President Nixon, and he usually adds regretfully that it is not bulletproof. A shotgun leans against the front seat. Boasts Klansman Gene West of San Antonio: "We've got a whole arsenal of guns here today, all of them concealed."

The number of KKK members, of course, is secret. No wonder. Most of these Klansmen are older men, and the Klan's recent attempts to pretend that it is a political lobby like any other have been a transparent failure. "Let's face it," Wilkinson later tells me privately. "We

had a couple of million members in the '20s, but we haven't got anywhere near that now. We just want to get the same attention from the press that the blacks get."

Finally, 50 robed Klansmen set out for the courthouse, just as the United League is leaving it. Only a few minutes separate them, but it is enough to avoid a confrontation. "It's damned hot in here," one Klansman admits from under his hood. Many marching Klansmen are swinging clubs, and some are carrying instant cameras and snapping pictures of the people, black and white together, packed three deep on the sidewalks. The jewelry store down the street suddenly closes up as the Klansmen approach.

At the courthouse, Mississippi Grand Dragon Douglas Coen, a shipping executive from nearby Saucier, tells the crowd, "The Klan is here today, it was here yesterday, and it will be here tomorrow." Applause. "The Klan will be here forever!" Coen screams, and a few spectators hoot. Wilkinson takes the podium and is saying the KKK is basically a Christian organization when a white man yells, "You symbolize hatred! How can you call yourselves Christians?" Suddenly the crowd rolls forward as several Klansmen rush the heckler. The police grab him quickly. A local newspaperman is arrested too, for taking pictures of the arrest, and both prisoners are whisked off to jail.

The KKK evening rally starts at 7:30 in the auditorium at the edge of town. Police and Klansmen guard the entrance.

A country band is playing old stand-bys (*All My Trials*, *Heartaches by the Number*), and every time they play *Dixie* everyone stands up. Klan ladies in robes are selling hot dogs and Pepsi. Sometimes they sell KKK Tee shirts (\$5) and belt buckles (\$6), but tonight they simply hand out the KKK gift catalogue ("We have 400 items").

At dark everyone goes outside, where a 25-ft. cross swathed in kerosene-soaked rags stands in a field. Rifle-toting Klansmen guard the perimeter. The others button up the face panels on their hoods. Wilkinson rehearses them, but they are awkward at the ritual. As they wave their arms, they look a bit like high school cheerleaders learning a pom-pom routine. Some cannot see too well through those eyeholes. Slowly they circle the cross, throwing torches at its foot. The flames race upward, and all salute by raising both arms, as if crucified.

—Janice Castro

All Aboard the Bandwagon!

Across the U.S., politicians scramble to join the tax revolt of '78

That California tax quake was producing nationwide aftershocks last week. What had begun as an outburst against the lowest levels of government on the West Coast was stinging officials at the highest levels a continent away in Washington—and quite a few in between as well.

In the capital, Jimmy Carter told a press conference, a bit defensively, "All of us are concerned about the budget levels, about unnecessary spending, about more efficient operation of government and about lower taxation." Those trends, he claimed, had been set "by us here in Washington" even before Proposition 13 slashing more than \$7 billion from local property taxes, won thunderous approval in California. But, said Carter, he welcomed Proposition 13's overwhelming passage for the impetus it might provide for frugality in Congress.

In thus portraying himself as an advocate of tax cuts and stringent budgets, Carter joined a swelling legion of vote-conscious politicians across the U.S. The President drew a sharp contrast between his position and that of Congress, which has been tinkering with his proposed \$25 billion income tax reduction and threatening to spend more than he had wanted. But there were some signs on Capitol Hill that Congress had heard the California message too. Said North Carolina Congressman James Martin, a conservative Republican: "I see people who've traditionally voted for everything, no matter what it cost, and now they're trying to look like fiscal conservatives. It's the two-by-four effect. People up here are getting hit right between the eyes."

For years Ohio Republican Clarence Miller has been proposing 5% reductions in the appropriations to run the federal departments—and has been ignored. Last week he demanded a 2% cut in the operating funds for the departments of Health, Education and Welfare, and Labor—and the cut passed the House, 220 to 181. If sustained by the Senate, this would save \$800 million.

Ironically, the California vote will reduce federal income tax deductions of residents and thus give Washington a windfall of \$2.3 billion a year. But Indiana Democrat Andrew Jacobs has introduced a bill requiring such revenue to be used to reduce the national debt or budget deficit. Argued Jacobs: "You can't just say, 'Wowee, \$2 billion more for spending.'"

In general, however, Washington politicians

predicted that Proposition 13 would have less impact at the federal level than might be expected. "People are taking hold of whatever handles they can find," said New York Republican Congressman Barber Conable, "but it's very difficult to get hold of the handles of the Federal Government." That did not ease the fears of Maryland Democratic Congressman Parren Mitchell, leader of the Congressional Black Caucus, that social services will be cut more sharply by the economy knives. Mitchell predicted that "every single human-resources program is going to be in danger. Medicare and Medicaid, welfare, the jobs programs."

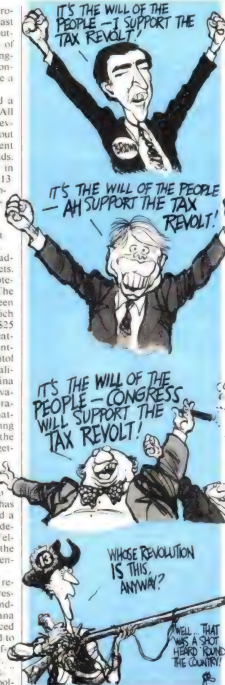
A more extreme fear among blacks was expressed in an Atlanta speech by the Rev. Jesse Jackson. "The tax rebellion is now being used as the new code word—like busing and Bakke—for racism and classism," he told a national P.T.A. convention. The revolt, he claimed later, may prove to be "the greatest threat the black middle class has ever known."

Despite such concern, the rebellion against taxes seemed to transcend class and racial differences. The New York *Daily News*, which asked readers to mark a "ballot" on how they felt about taxes, reported the largest response to any mail poll it has ever conducted. More than 117,000 replies overwhelmed the ballot counters, who reported that sentiment solidly supported sharp cuts in all taxes—property, sales and income. The Boston *Herald American* in a similar poll found that about 80% of responding readers backed a proposal to place a lid on property taxes at 2.5% of market value. A bill to do just that was introduced in the Massachusetts legislature by four Republican lawmakers.

Politicians with elections soon ahead of them were especially quick to pick up the antitax cry. Seeking to unseat Massachusetts Democratic Governor Michael Dukakis, who has been tightfisted himself, Republican Candidate Edward F. King is pushing an amendment that would put a cap of 9% of total personal income on all taxes levied in the state.

In Texas, Democratic gubernatorial Candidate John Hill, the state's attorney general, declared: "It's time for us to take our medicine and cut spending." His opponent, Republican William Clements, called for a "holy war" on taxes.

In New York, the rhetoric was no less fervid. Republican Perry Duryea, minor-





A familiar sign in California as property-tax cut results in cancellation of summer schools



Desse Irish mourns as eleven of Marin County's Human Relations staff (rear) face firing



ity leader in the state assembly, is proposing a freeze on local tax rates as he opposes Democratic Governor Hugh Carey's bid for re-election. Duryea also proposes cutting state taxes by \$2.2 billion (20%) over four years. Carey, meanwhile, is trying to portray himself as a tightwad and his G.O.P. foes as big spenders. Accepting his nomination last week, Carey denounced "the wretched record of Republican recklessness" and asked, "Who raised taxes eight times in 16 years? They did. And who cut taxes by a billion dollars in the last two years? We did."

Voters in the normally progressive Chicago suburb of Evanston rolled up a 2-to-1 margin against a property-tax increase aimed at providing an extra \$2.5 million for elementary schools, which are already running a \$700,000 deficit. In Ohio, Republican Governor Jim Rhodes vowed that no school in the state would be closed "even for a day." But officials of Cleveland's public schools, which are



Los Angeles' Bradley unveils budget plans
Many were riding the doomsday wagon.

\$23 million in debt, predicted that voter rejection of emergency taxes would mean that the schools could not operate for more than two weeks next September. Dallas voters had not turned down a municipal-bond issue in 25 years, but after Proposition 13, they rejected six out of 17 such issues on the local ballot. Many of the "no" votes were cast in black and Mexican-American neighborhoods, which helped defeat such "elitist" proposals as a \$45 million arts facility, a \$14 million pedestrian walkway, and \$6.8 million for convention-center improvements.

But it was Californians who were feeling the impact of the tax revolt most directly. By voting themselves a 57% cut in property taxes, effective July 1, the angry

Rebel Worker Organization members protest cuts outside San Francisco General Hospital



Massachusetts G.O.P. legislators seeking tax limits

The voters have found a two-by-four to drive home their message, and they are not likely to let go of it easily.

taxpayers spurred a bitter clash of towns, counties and school districts, all clamoring for help to make up for \$7 billion in lost revenues. In Sacramento, Governor Jerry Brown and the Democratic-controlled legislature were trying to decide how to speed relief to the localities from a mounting state budget surplus, now estimated at \$5.8 billion.

Some local officials responded to Proposition 13 by taking a hard look at their programs and trying to trim away fat. "We've decided not to get on the doomsday wagon," said Placer County Administrator Roland Sutton. But far more officials followed the opposite course. They proposed drastic cuts in personnel and services, setting off screams of pain from those affected.

The San Francisco board of supervisors approved a "state of emergency" resolution giving Mayor George Moscone authority to lay off about 2,000 employees, eliminate overtime pay and raise some city transit fares by up to 100%. The city's celebrated cable cars will soon cost 50¢ a ride instead of 25¢. An \$11 mil-

lion pay hike for 16,000 city employees was also rescinded.

In Los Angeles, Mayor Tom Bradley drew jeers from a throng of angry civil servants gathered at city hall to protest his announced cuts of 8,300 employees, including 1,080 police. So many angry workers jammed a meeting of the Los Angeles County supervisors, whose office had forecast as many as 20,000 firings, that their catcalls forced the meeting to adjourn. One woman shook her fist at the supervisors and asked "What cuts are you people planning to make in your staff and your own salaries?" In fact, the supervisors are scheduled to get pay raises of \$2,458, but they have offered to forgo them if other public employees scheduled for pay boosts will do so too.

San Diego, faced with a loss of \$25 million from the \$54 million it expected in property taxes, has planned to cut \$600,000 from its police budget by ending community relations storefront offices and slashing its fire-inspection program by \$500,000. Un-

der budget proposals, it will save \$1.8 million in transportation funds, mainly by cutting back on a dial-a-ride service for the elderly; all part-time employees on the parks and recreation staff will be dismissed; one-third of the city's 96 playgrounds will be closed.

California's local fire districts, solely supported by the property tax, will be hit especially hard. Near Sacramento, the Fair Oaks fire-protection district board ordered that layoff notices effective July 1 be sent to all of its 48 fire fighters. Says Chief Vern Rosevear, who will be sacked: "We may have one or two volunteers who can roll out on a fire, but there won't be too much fire fighting done."

The most common cutbacks at the local level have been made by the state's 1,046 school districts. Many have canceled summer schools, raising protests among educators, who claim that the sessions are indispensable for students who need remedial help to keep up with classmates. Teachers are no less pained; summer schools have meant extra pay for thousands of them.



Republican Gubernatorial Candidate King in Boston

Economists Eye the Impact

Members of the TIME Board of Economists generally share the growing voter sentiment that the total burden of local, state and federal taxes is too high. But a number of those interviewed favor cuts less drastic on a nationwide basis than those called for in California's Proposition 13, which reduces property taxes by 57%.

"Federal, state and local taxes are still in the vicinity of 30% of the gross national product in this country," says Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. He adds, "Taxes in most European countries run up to 35% and 45%. The only major country that's below us is Japan." As Heller sees it, the California revolt reflects local circumstances, including California's booming real estate market and Governor Jerry Brown's delay in promoting tax reductions. Recalls Heller: "Several of us economists were invited to Sacramento in the summer of 1975, and we told Brown that there would be revenues running out of his cars by the time the economy went back up the recovery path. He didn't believe us, didn't plan for it and it piled up the state budget surpluses. With local government overspending and state government overtaxing, you had an explosive situation."

In the short run, at least, the five members of TIME's board interviewed after California's vote say they believe cutbacks in local expenditures for government services are inevitable; most pinched will be those with lower incomes who are the most dependent on publicly financed programs and jobs. But, says Beryl Sprinkel, executive vice president of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank, "in the long run, the lower-income people will benefit if the cut does what I argue it will: namely, stimulate growth and development in California. It will lead to more jobs and higher standards of living."

Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Gerald Ford, cites another benefit: "Because property taxes are a component of the consumer price index, and because California property taxes are such a large portion of the national total, the proposition will cut the index by .2% in December—say, from an inflation rate of 7% to 6.8%."

Less sanguine is Washington Economic Consultant Robert Nathan, who argues that "Proposition 13 has more to do with a feeling of government inefficiency" than with the tax bills. "I doubt that California can live with the kind of cut in services that is expected," says Nathan. "And I expect an eventual rise in income taxes and other business taxes."

Greenspan defends the drastic medicine prescribed by Proposition 13. Says he: "Such brutal sledge-hammer tech-

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Proposition 13 pinches the schools hard because the property tax contributes heavily to their annual operations (about half of the \$1.4 billion spent by Los Angeles schools each year, for example). Yet the teachers' loud complaints may be premature. California school districts spent \$8.2 billion in all last year, and Proposition 13 will cause a \$2.86 billion cut—about 35%. But State School Superintendent Wilson Riles is trying to persuade the legislature to earmark more than \$2 billion of the state surplus for education. If he succeeds, the net impact on schools will be a cut of only 10% or so.

What will Sacramento do? Governor Brown has proposed measures to cut state spending by \$715 million, which would be channeled to lower levels. "We're cutting into the bone and marrow," said Brown. On top of a previously announced ban on hiring, he called last week for a wage freeze for all state workers; a 9.8% general cut in all state operating expenses; and a \$256 million slash

in state support for health and welfare programs. The legislature may cut deeper into Brown's budget than he wants, reducing the money available for a state arts council, his powerful consumer affairs department and the state energy commission. The cuts will mean that there will be no repeat of such past grants as \$1,000 for creating an underwater instrument to serenade whales and dolphins off the coast north of San Francisco, and \$700 for a group to stage plays in laundromats.

A general agreement on how to disburse the state surplus seems within reach. The schools are likely to get the \$2 billion they are seeking. Another \$2 billion, plus whatever extra Brown can save from the budget, may be distributed among special local districts and counties. Beyond that, Brown wants to set aside \$1 billion for a lean fund to meet local cash-flow problems. If agreement is reached, it would only be a stopgap solution for the first year of the crisis. Since Proposition 13 prevents future local taxes from rising beyond 2% a year, the real crush would come later—when there might not be a state revenue surplus.

To a great extent the increasing number of court tests, doomsday



Cleveland Schools President Arnold Pinkney

Two weeks of classes, and then what?

forecasts and strike threats in California are rearguard actions by embittered officials who want to punish what some call the "pointy-headed voters" for creating economic chaos. But voters elsewhere seem ready to create the same sort of situation. In the wake of Proposition 13, the *Charleston Daily Mail* asked West Virginians in a poll: "Would you approve abolishing a large chunk of state taxes knowing that it would mean curtailment of many public services?" The result: 552 said yes, 38 no. Plainly, voters across the U.S. have found a club, or a two-by-four, to drive home a message. No matter how vague the message may be—Which services should be cut? By how much?—the rebellious voters of '78 do not seem likely to relinquish that club easily. ■



niques turn out to be necessary to prevent government from continuing to increase its share of overall economic activity," Washington University Economist Murray L. Weidenbaum agrees: "If government doesn't cut rates, people have to do it."

Many of the experts would have preferred other tax-cutting measures. Heller says he would have voted for the defeated Proposition 8, which promised smaller (30%) property tax cuts—only to homeowners, not the owners of commercial and industrial property, who pay 48% of California property taxes. Heller notes that California homeowners eventually will be paying higher taxes relative to commercial-industrial properties, since private residences change hands more often than factories and office buildings; with each sale, a property may be reassessed and its taxes may rise. Says Heller of the disparity: "An abomination." Weidenbaum counters that "by reducing business costs, Proposition 13 ought to spur business expansion and employment." Sprinkel favors a proposal defeated by California voters in 1973 limiting total state spending to a fixed percentage of personal income in the state. Both Sprinkel and Weidenbaum also argue that federal income taxes ought to

be indexed to inflation. Otherwise, says Weidenbaum, "if you get a 6% cost of living increase, chances are your income

tax will go up more than 6%, thus giving Washington a positive state inflation."

The economists agree that Proposition 13 will weaken local governments by increasing their dependence on state and federal funds. Warns Nathan: "As the state government becomes a more important source of revenue, more policies will be introduced into the allocation of funds." Still, argues Weidenbaum, "it was a ridiculous situation where the government was collecting money faster than they could sensibly spend it, so I don't think those who want to control the situation should be put on the defensive." Notes Sprinkel: "It will make local government more dependent on state financing, but it will also cut down state spending. If the states run protracted deficits, the quality of their bonds will go down and the interest rates they pay will go up, so the market provides a built-in mechanism to force state governments to live within their budgets."

Concedes Alan Greenspan: "I am uncomfortable because local governments will be more dependent on state and federal governments. Still, if I had to choose between nothing at all or Proposition 13 and a weakening of local government, I must say that I would prefer Proposition 13."



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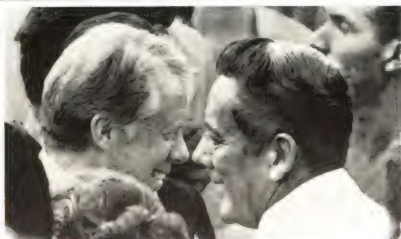
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Nation



President Carter being welcomed by General Omar Torrijos in Panama City

Issues, Addresses and Protocol

On the road, a sense of verve and a moment of euphoria

"Viva Jimmy! Hola Jimmy!" shouted tens of thousands of exuberant Panamanians last week as they greeted Jimmy Carter at a rally in Panama City's Cinco de Mayo Plaza. While the President beamed, Strongman Omar Torrijos kissed Rosalynn and declared that her husband "had the courage to throw himself without a parachute into the pages of history." It was a euphoric moment, the high point of a week in which Carter moved with energy and briskness through a busy schedule of diplomatic and domestic events.

He started out at the White House, where he warmly welcomed India's frail-looking but still vigorous Prime Minister, the 82-year-old Morarji Desai. Carter praised his Indian guest for having willingly gone to jail rather than succumb to the restrictions on freedom during the period of Emergency Rule under then Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. Desai responded that both India and the U.S. were bound by "an unshakable commitment to the dignity of the individual"—an endorsement of Carter's position on human rights.

The following day, at his Washington press conference, Carter once again addressed himself to the growing strain between the U.S. and Russia and defended his Administration's attacks on Cuban adventurism in Africa (see *WORLD*). He also urged Congress to repeal the embargo on U.S. arms to Turkey. In a strongly phrased statement, he said that the embargo had "weakened the cohesiveness and the readiness of NATO." Ending the ban, said Carter, would be "the most immediate and urgent foreign policy decision" of the legislative session.

Two days later, tough talk was replaced by evangelical eloquence as Born

Again Christian Carter went to Atlanta, where he addressed an audience of some 8,500 from his own denomination, the Southern Baptist Convention. Many of them were delegates representing the denomination's more than 13 million members at a meeting to plan an ambitious campaign, which is backed by Carter, to proclaim the Christian message to everyone on earth by the year 2000. The President spoke quietly to his "brothers and sisters in Christ" about the role of faith in politics. Said he: "The great outward journey of our nation is based on an inward journey, the peace that issues from

an inner strength of awareness of the will of God. We cannot proceed without it." He was warmly applauded when he added: "I have never detected or experienced any conflict between God's will and my political duties."

Immediately after the address, the President flew to Panama City to exchange the instruments of ratification of the Panama Canal treaties with General Torrijos. The city was tense and under tight security as Carter arrived. Sentiment against the treaties among anti-Torrijos Panamanians had been increased early in the week by the dramatic return from exile in Miami of former Panamanian President Arnulfo Arias, a fervid opponent of the pacts. Two nights before Carter's arrival, students who opposed the treaties had fought for several hours with treaty supporters at the University of Panama. Two people were killed and 15 injured before national guardsmen finally restored order.

For much of the week, government workers had been scrubbing anti-U.S. slogans (samples: **CARTER GO HOME!** and **PANAMA SIN CARTER NO!**) from walls. But by the time that Air Force One landed at Tocumen International Airport, Torrijos troops had chased the antitreaty students into hiding, and the government had brought thousands of supporters into Panama City, including peasants from rural provinces and Indians from the San Blas Islands. Several hundred schoolchildren, wearing yellow and brown uniforms, roared, **"Viva Jimmy! Viva Omar!"** as Carter embraced Torrijos on a flower-strewn red carpet. Later Carter told the crowd at the signing ceremony: "We, the people of the U.S., and you, the people of Pan-

First Taxpayer's Return for 1977

Shortly before Jimmy Carter's press conference last week, Wife Rosalynn stopped by the Oval Office with some good news. An IRS audit of the Carters' federal tax returns for 1973, 1975 and 1976 showed that they owed \$168.03 in back taxes for 1975 but were due a refund of \$8,971.50 on the taxes they paid for 1973. Next day, the White House made public the Carters' tax return for 1977 and a statement of their current net worth. Highlights:

- ▶ Their total assets were down slightly during 1977, from \$1,048,039.69 to \$970,857.74. Their net worth also dropped, from \$822,638.55 to \$795,357.74. Because Carter decided not to invest in securities while in office, he had \$204,979.04 in bank accounts at the end of 1977, compared with \$810.60 a year earlier.
- ▶ Their income for 1977 totaled \$498,942.29, including \$236,458.32 in salary and expense allowances, \$7,515.42 in interest from savings accounts, \$137,404.69 in royalties from his autobiography *Why Not the Best?* and \$114,282.86 in dividends from a blind trust that manages their interest in the family peanut warehouse. The trust also reported a loss of \$306,271 during the year.
- ▶ Their taxes for 1977 totaled \$48,152.12 on a taxable income of \$121,826.98, after deductions, primarily for the trust's losses and charities. Their contributions amounted to \$38,551, including \$25,000 to the Carter Foundation for Government Affairs, Inc., which eventually will benefit students of political science, and \$6,000 to the U.S. Treasury—the amount Carter promised last year to donate as a token payment for 1976, when he owed no federal taxes at all.

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The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Enlightenment—in Living Color

They have done strange and wonderful things in the U.S. Capitol. Baked bread, tended wounded, hawked mousetraps, even passed legislation. One day in 1844 Samuel F.B. Morse, with Dolley Madison and Henry Clay kibitzing, tapped out a message to Baltimore over a wire and the world changed.

It was not precisely the same sort of thing, but in one of the shadowy chambers below the Capitol steps a cluster of young men and women last week were doing their best to nudge society toward a bit more enlightenment.

They hunched over keyboards, scanned television sets, and watched a curved curtain of vivid color on a 4-ft. by 6-ft. screen profile of the U.S.—its taxes, income, bank deposits, drugstore sales, crops, ethnic origins, age, employment, education, mobile homes, and infinite combinations of all this and more.

"There is the tax revolt," whispered one congressional aide as the scene before him flickered into bursts of bright color, lightly sprinkled in the Northeast but growing into an explosion of vivid pink over all California.

Richard Harden, a 6-ft. 4-in. Georgian, coiled himself on one of the hard chairs in the stuffy little room and smiled. Population figures flowed into color patterns and years were compressed into seconds. There was the picture of the

great Middle Western population hemorrhage, the flight to the Sunbelt. If only Government planners a few years ago had been able to watch the trend and track it, as Harden was doing right then, federal responses might have been far more on target, less expensive.

Harden worked in state government with Jimmy Carter as commissioner of human resources and became the White House head of Administration and Information Management. He looked out his window one day and correctly figured he now lived in the middle of the single largest repository of information the world has ever known. Harden knew there were mountains of narrative, statistical and graphic facts in the Census Bureau and every major department and agency, up on Capitol Hill, in the Library of Congress. Yet when he tried to meld this information into instant guidance for the White House, it took weeks, not minutes. Harden began to search for some better way to mine this lode. Systems experts like the Senate's John Swearingin, the Library of Congress's Robert Chartrand and officials at the Census Bureau had the same notion. NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center provided the advanced computer mapping. In two feverish months the data was taped and circuits set up linking Goddard and the Capitol.

An information system plugged into the huge federal apparatus, which has nerve ends in every city and hamlet, could do for political leadership what the jet plane has done for diplomacy or satellites for the spy business.

Crime could quickly be charted and compared with income, housing, weather, ethnic background. Disease could be instantly correlated with age, neighborhood, pollution. Economic models and projections could be formed, expanded, modified as planners sat at the table. Only imagination would limit the computerized probing of U.S. society. Maybe more important than anything, said Harden, would be the ability of the President to see where federal dollars are sent. Then, within weeks, he could sample results of the programs and be able to foresee success or failure in time to correct the Government's course.

People's attitudes and shifting political perceptions, as catalogued in the Gallup and Harris polls, could even be cranked into a central information system. That of course suggests some Strangelovian scenes such as Hamilton Jordan, Carter's top pol, in a domestic command bunker, farm boots up on the computer console, phone in hand, lights flashing across huge screens: "Get Strauss out to Pittsburgh. The steel areas are angry red... Tell Califano to shut up on tobacco. North Carolina has dropped off the map... Can Brown pump some defense contracts into the West Coast? Unemployment is edging up... For God's sake, is Bergland loose again? Kansas is turning blue..."



Computer display showing California property taxes

ama, still have history to make together." Torrijos called the treaty a "transcendental moment" in his country's history.

When Carter visited the U.S.-ruled Canal Zone, his speech was boycotted by many Americans who worked in the area and who had bitterly opposed the treaties. Speaking to an audience composed mainly of U.S. military personnel and their families, Carter stressed that the job rights of the American civilians would be protected. The President may have made few converts that day, but throughout his trip he managed to exude a sense of energy, verve and diplomatic savvy. ■

Fishy Reprieve

The snail darter wins—for now

Work on the \$116 million Tellico Dam across the Little Tennessee River was nearly finished in 1973 when an ichthyologist discovered the snail darter, a three-inch species of perch whose only known natural habitat is the 17 miles of water behind the dam. Completing the project would create a stagnant lake, killing the 10,000 tiny fish, the snail darter became a protected species under the federal Endangered Species Act in 1975, and construction was halted last year. Lawyers for the Tennessee Valley Authority went to court, arguing that no fish was more important than the dam.

Last week the U.S. Supreme Court ruled 6 to 3 in favor of the snail darter's right to life. Wrote Chief Justice Warren Burger: "The plain intent of Congress was to halt and reverse the trend toward extinction." In dissent, Justice Lewis Powell noted dryly that this meant vital federal projects would have to be canceled if they "threaten some endangered cockroach." Indeed, the decision could affect at least eleven other projects, including the proposed \$690 million Dickey-Lincoln Dam in Maine, which would endanger the Furber housewren, a rare

SNAIL DARTER (L.R.)—ANDREW L. GARDNER/SENTECH



The victorious snail darter (shown actual size)
The court supports its right to life

plant that resembles the snapdragon.

But sentiment is growing in Congress to change the law. One amendment, backed by Tennessee Republican Senator Howard Baker, would enable a review committee to waive the law when an "irresolvable conflict" arose, as in the case of the Tellico Dam. "If all else fails," said Tennessee Governor Ray Blanton, "we'll promote it as the world's largest monument to the world's smallest fish." ■

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Nation

Family Feud

Brooke's divorce gets costlier

The latest issue of the Republican National Committee's magazine *First Monday* has Senator Edward Brooke of Massachusetts on the cover with the caption "Integrity and independence in the U.S. Senate." But his integrity was questioned last week by Massachusetts Probate Judge Lawrence Perera. He ruled that Brooke had given "false testimony" in a private deposition taken by his wife's lawyers a year ago and that he "did not make a true and complete disclosure of his financial condition." Perera ordered that a copy of his 15-page ruling be sent to the district attorney for "such action as he may deem appropriate," meaning a possible perjury charge.

Brooke's problems arose out of his divorce struggle with Remigia, his Italian-born wife of 31 years. A year ago, their lawyers reached a settlement in which she got alimony of \$1,500 a month and possession of their houses in the Boston suburb of Newton and on the Caribbean island of St. Martin. But Mrs. Brooke now claims the Senator misrepresented his finances and concealed from her his handling of a \$100,000 insurance payment to her mother, Teresa Ferrari-Scacco, for a 1965 auto accident.

Brooke claims that his mother-in-law told him before her death in 1977 to take care of the money and even treat it as his own. He complied, putting \$47,000 in his bank account and using some \$30,000 of it as part of the down payment on his Watergate condominium.

His story began to unravel when Elder Daughter Remi leaked her father's deposition to the press. Reporters learned from it that Brooke had listed a \$49,000 loan from a friend, Massachusetts Liquor Distributor A. Raymond Tye. But Brooke had not reported the loan in his financial report to the U.S. Senate. Actually, no such loan existed, Brooke admitted that it was a "misstatement." He had borrowed only \$2,000 from Tye. The rest came from his mother-in-law's insurance settlement. In an attempt to end the controversy, he handed Perera a check two weeks ago for \$30,193, which he said he owed to his mother-in-law's estate, and asked the judge to decide where it should go. Among the claimants is the Massachusetts public welfare department. Reason for giving her funds to Brooke, Mrs. Ferrari-Scacco apparently qualified as an indigent and is said to have collected more than \$20,000 in Medicaid and other benefits.

Last week Perera had no mention

of the check in rapping Brooke's knuckles for his "mistake" in mingling his mother-in-law's money with his own and for "inadequate and careless bookkeeping." The judge offered Remigia a new trial and ordered Brooke to pay her court costs and attorney fees for the hearing. But Perera stopped short of finding that Brooke was in contempt of court or had "deliberately" misled his wife. Mrs. Brooke has ten days to make up her mind about a new trial. Whatever she decides, Brooke's chances of re-election to a third term this fall have been damaged. But Brooke has no intention of not running. At a pro-ERA rally in Boston last week, he shouted, "I am not a quitter."

Jail for the Pro

Caught by a voice from the past

New Jersey Teamster boss, ruler of the Newark docks, feared Mafia avenger, Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano, 61, is all of these and more. In fact, his underworld influence is so vast that some Justice Department officials regard him as the nation's most powerful racketeer.

Last week, however, Tony Pro was convicted of murder by a jury in Kingston, N.Y., and sent to languish among the other losers in an upstate jail. Found guilty of murder with him was Harold ("Kayo") Konigsberg, 56, a New Jersey loan shark and extortionist.

According to testimony at the trial, Provenzano in 1961 tapped Konigsberg, Salvatore ("Sally Bugs") Briguglio and Salvatore ("Big Sal") Sinno to kill a union rival, Anthony Castellito. They lured the victim to his own summer home in the Catskills, knocked him out with a lead-filled hose and strangled him with a rope. His body has never been found.

When Konigsberg next met his boss, they hugged and kissed, and Konigsberg received an envelope stuffed with \$15,000. Sinno also attended the friendly gathering. But within a few months, he became convinced that Provenzano was out to get him, too. He thereupon fled to the Midwest, where he hid under several aliases.

The investigation into the case soon stalled. But when Provenzano went to Lewisburg Penitentiary in 1966 for shaking down a trucking firm executive, he became embroiled in a vendetta with a fellow inmate, former Teamster President Jimmy Hoffa, who had enraged Tony Pro by denying him a union pension. Both were eventually set free, and mob leaders summoned Hoffa to a peacemaking conference with Provenzano in a Detroit parking lot on July 30, 1975. Hoffa has not been seen since.

In the course of hunting for Hoffa, Justice Department officials picked up a tip that Big Sal Sinno, who was then living in Wisconsin, might be willing to implicate Provenzano in the murder of Castellito. Investigators also tried to induce Briguglio to turn state's evidence; he was shot to death last March in Manhattan. But the FBI guarded Sinno carefully, and last week, as police marksmen patrolled the courthouse, he was the prosecution's star witness.

Justice Department officials think that the conviction may mark the end of the line for Tony Pro. They plan to ask the courts in New Jersey to keep him from regaining his union power, if he manages to leave prison, where he could spend the rest of his life. Moreover, Tony Pro may encounter the vengeance of Mafia leaders. But FBI officials believe that even the threat of death would not persuade Tony Pro to tell them about the Hoffa case. Said one investigator: "Pro has many faults—but talking isn't one of them."



Senator Brooke



Provenzano (hands in his pockets) and Konigsberg (hiding his face) at court
The powerful racketeer now languishes among other losers in jail

Is Solzhenitsyn Right?

Not since Secretary of State George C. Marshall outlined the plan that was to raise Europe from the ashes has a commencement speaker stirred as much attention as has the exiled Russian author Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Both speeches were delivered in Harvard Yard, something of a symbol of the Western spirit of inquiry and humanism. The two speeches were separated by 31 years—but also by an immeasurable philosophical abyss. Marshall in 1947 was calling on the U.S., the world's supreme democracy, to turn its resources and energies to the rescue of an exhausted, endangered continent. Solzhenitsyn in 1978 was scourging the U.S. for spearheading the decline of the West.

Now living near Cavendish, Vt., the Nobel prizewinning novelist attacked American democracy, whose restrictions have, in his view, ensured that "mediocrity triumphs." He chided the U.S. for "a decline in courage," particularly

"among the ruling groups and the intellectual elite"—a point that must have stung his audience. He spoke scathingly of America's intoxication with "habitual extreme safety and well-being," its devotion to the letter of the law, which paralyzes the country's ability "to defend itself against the corrosion of evil," the absorption of the Western press with "gossip, nonsense, vain talk."

In the East, he said, people "are becoming firmer and stronger," while in the West they are being sapped by "today's mass living habits... by the revolting invasion of publicity, by TV stupor and by intolerable music." His message: "No weapons... can help the West until it overcomes its loss of will power... To defend oneself, one must also be ready to die; there is little such readiness in a society raised in the cult of material well-being." At the heart of these problems, as he sees it, is the "rationalistic humanism" rooted in the Renaissance and the Enlightenment, when "we turned our backs upon the Spirit and embraced all that is material with excessive zeal." Such materialistic development, he added, impels us inevitably from liberalism to radicalism to socialism, and finally to Communism. Even if we are spared war, Solzhenitsyn concluded, we face another calamity—"a despiritualized and irreligious humanistic consciousness."

Quite a rap at Western democracy, particularly the U.S. version. How valid are Solzhenitsyn's criticisms? TIME asked eight Americans—all members of "the ruling groups and the intellectual elite" that Solzhenitsyn was scolding—to respond.

Charles Frankel: An Image of Heaven

Assistant Secretary of State under Lyndon Johnson, Frankel is a professor of philosophy and public affairs at Columbia and head of the National Humanities Center in North Carolina.

What Solzhenitsyn sees in the West is there to be seen, and it is tawdry and ominous: an anxious and frantic hedonism; a stress on individual rights without a corresponding emphasis on personal discipline or social responsibility; an intellectual culture given to exercises in autism and flights into fantasy. Solzhenitsyn speaks of a loss of "civic courage" in the West. He is right if he means intellectual and moral malaise, a loss of faith in precisely the habits of thought and behavior responsible for our most distinctive achievements—intellectual discipline, belief in the possibility of objectivity and public spirit, a respect for competence and simple enjoyment of the rare prize of liberty.

But Solzhenitsyn apparently does not have such things in mind. The heart of his criticism of the West is its secularism. The Middle Ages represented an "intolerable despotic repression of man's physical nature." In revenge, we in the West "turned our backs upon the spirit and embraced all that is material with excessive and unwarranted zeal." I do not read the past that way, and I read the present and future differently.

The Renaissance, modern science, the Age of Adventure, and capitalist enterprise were all revolts against the spiritual and intellectual oppressiveness of the medieval period. And it was the corruption of medieval religious institutions, the worldliness of the Vatican, the venality of monks and the materialism of priests that sparked the Protestant and Catholic Reformations. It is against this background that the transcendent role of seers and prophets like Solzhenitsyn is to be understood. What Solzhenitsyn has in his mind's eye is not sim-



Frankel

ply that more of us should be religious. It is a theocracy.

Solzhenitsyn is right to remind us that we are divided from the Soviet system by profound moral disagreements and not only by political conflicts. But a large nation that adopts it as policy that it will never compromise with Evil, can pursue this task for any length of time only by exhausting itself, by killing its young and numbing the survivors, and by lifting the arts of savagery to the highest. Solzhenitsyn has been through something very much like Hell. His imagination is fixed on an image of Heaven. It is to be expected that when he turns to our halfway world he will see it in colors of flame red and dazzling white, and that the colors in between will seem to him to be illusions.

Theodore Hesburgh: Unpopular Truths

President of Notre Dame since 1952, Father Hesburgh was chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights from 1969 to 1972.

Solzhenitsyn says that we in the West are fed by the media only that which is fashionable and popular. He then proceeds to feed us some highly unfashionable and unpopular truths: "There is an atmosphere of moral mediocrity... Only moral criteria can help the West against Communism's well-planned world strategy... We have placed too much hope in political and social reforms, only to find out that we were being deprived of our most precious possession: our spiritual life."

These spiritual themes are ageless, reminiscent of Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, Berdyaev, Pasternak. They are not headline grabbers, but subjects for serious meditation if one is to escape the moral mediocrity of the times. For this reminder of our best heritage, we can well be grateful to a man new to us as a neighbor, somewhat isolated, knowing us by television (ugh), but sharing our deepest hopes for a better life in time and in eternity.



Hesburgh

THE INFORMATION CRISIS.

If you pick up a newspaper these days, it's easy to walk away with the impression that there's a world-wide shortage of everything.

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WE'RE EASY TO REMEMBER.

Nation

Archibald MacLeish: Our Will Endures

Distinguished educator, Pulitzer-prizewinning poet and playwright, MacLeish was Librarian of Congress from 1939 to 1944 and Assistant Secretary of State from 1944 to 1945.

Ever since Tom Paine, the American people have had the counsel and advice of friends from abroad in the long American debate about the purpose of the Republic. Was our Revolution, as Jefferson believed to his life's end, a "signal of arousing men to burst the chains," or was it simply a War of Independence, as John Adams kept saying? Tom Paine was on Jefferson's side in that. Was it "the Union" we were struggling to preserve, as Webster thought, in the years before the Civil War, or was Mr. Lincoln right at Gettysburg? Scores of English writers told us what to think about that issue. And now that we are a great power, leader of the free world in its confrontation with the most powerful and repressive police state in modern history, the debate goes on and the counsel and advice go with it. Are we responsible for the revolution of mankind which our Revolution launched? Solzhenitsyn spoke to us of that at Harvard at a great commencement under crimson banners in the June rain.

Solzhenitsyn is one of the most admirable men alive—a fine novelist, which means a trained and disciplined observer of the realities of human life—a man of noble spirit and unrivaled courage—a truly heroic figure who has suffered something close to martyrdom for his convictions. But Solzhenitsyn,

unlike many of his predecessors in earlier generations, knows little of our American lives or of ourselves. His concern, understandably, is with his native country in its agony. He is an exile from the state police, an exile of the human spirit.

And he judges the Republic as such an exile would. Are we prepared, he asks, to oppose the tyranny which now rules Holy Russia and all the East of Europe? Are we prepared to risk our lives in such a struggle? Have we the courage? Or are we so softened by our generation of affluence, by our secular indifference to the human spirit, that we dare not fight? But

though he asks these daring questions here—at Harvard—in a village in Vermont where he now lives—he is not truly *here* to ask them. He sees few Americans, speaks little English, and what he knows of the Republic he knows not from human witnesses but from television programs, which present their depressing parody of American life to him as they present it also to us but with this difference—that we know the parody for what it is.

He reproves us for faults which would not be faults if he could talk to his neighbors in Vermont, to his fellow writers, his fellow men. We are irresponsible, he tells us. We put our freedom first, before our responsibility. But if he could talk to us, he would realize that we put our freedom first before our responsibility because we are a free people—because a free people is a people that rules itself—because it must decide for itself what its responsibilities are—because there is no one else to decide this for us—neither the state police nor a state church nor anyone.

If he could talk to us—if he had talked to us—he would know that we are not irresponsible, that we establish our responsibilities for ourselves, seriously, painfully often.

And the same thing is true of our national will, which Solzhenitsyn talked to us about at Harvard on that June day in the cool rain. We have lost it, he told us, as though he had questioned us and knew our minds. But he had not questioned us and he did not know our minds. It is less than 40 years since the Second World War faced us with an issue which would have torn us apart had we not been free and so answerable to ourselves and to each other. We resolved that issue. We reached an agreement with each other about what we had to do. We

did it. We reached the highest point in our history. And we have not changed. We have not changed in that one generation and will not change in another or another.

If Solzhenitsyn had talked to us—to a few of his neighbors in that village in Vermont—three or four of those who respect and admire him throughout the country—he would not have spoken those sentences at Harvard. He would have learned that we know who we are and what we have to become. He would have learned that we have not lost our will as a people—that it is precisely our will as a people which makes us true believers in that human spirit for which he means to speak.

Daniel J. Boorstin: The Courage to Doubt

*Now Librarian of Congress, Boorstin wrote the Pulitzer-prizewinning *The Americans* and the more recent *The Republic of Technology*.*

We are lucky to be able to provide Solzhenitsyn a platform for his dyspeptic comments on us. George Bernard Shaw, who endeared himself to Americans by the pungency of his contempt, gave away the secret: "To rouse their eager interest, their distinguished consideration and their undying devotion, all that is necessary is to hold them up to the ridicule of the rest of the universe."

The quickie sociologist is apt to tell us more of his own problems than of ours. Since Solzhenitsyn's life has been unhappily shaped by hard distinctions and persecuting dogma, he is understandably tempted to overvalue those weapons. He has become his own kind of hard dogmatist. He has brought with him the crusade that has cursed the older world. He seeks unity, virtue, morality, uniformity, dignity and—above all—"the right not to care." But these have very little to do with the mixed virtues—the virtues of compromise, decency, self-doubt, experiment—the meandering quest for community that has tantalized our American world of second chances.

Solzhenitsyn's own experience seduces him to hope that the cure for evil totalitarianism—which does not tolerate people like him—may be a good totalitarianism which will ban "inaccurate" journalists, will keep "pornography, crime and horror" off the television screen, and will protect consumers against the free market. But how?

Whatever he may tell us of himself, he says very little about us. He has missed the point. This immigrant nation attests the novel possibility that people can be held together, their community strengthened and deepened, not by homogeneity but by diversity. The courage we inherit from our Jeffersons and Lincolns and others is not the Solzhenitsyn courage of the true believer, but the courage to doubt.

George Meany: No Voice More Eloquent

President of the AFL-CIO since 1955, Meany was the first official of any major U.S. organization to invite Solzhenitsyn to speak after his abrupt expulsion from the Soviet Union in 1974.

I am proud that it was the AFL-CIO that provided Alexander Solzhenitsyn with the first major platform for his speeches to the American people. We forget how violently Solzhenitsyn provoked the knee-jerk minds of the day, immersed as they were in an unhealthy mixture of post-Viet Nam guilt and a fashionable anti-anti-Communism emanating not only from the left but from American businessmen hell-bent on trade with the Soviet Union.



Boorstin



MacLeish



Meany

Nation

I do not agree with everything he says, but I would urge the knee jerkers to tread warily. His prophetic voice has turned out to be righter than their clichés of yesterday. Opponents of the Viet Nam War will not like to hear that "members of the U.S. anti-war movement wound up being involved in the betrayal of Far Eastern nations, in genocide and in the suffering today imposed on 30 million people there." Nor will certain journalists want to hear these questions: "What sort of responsibility does a journalist have? If he has misled public opinion or the Government by inaccurate information or wrong conclusions, do we know of any cases of recognition and rectification of such mistakes?" Like it or not, Solzhenitsyn is right.

I would agree with Solzhenitsyn's charge that the West has experienced a decline in courage. I do not believe this decline is as deep or pervasive as Solzhenitsyn sometimes implies, but there is no doubt that American policy toward the world's totalitarians has been excessively accommodating in recent years.

No man who has passed through the intense moral experience of the *gulag* can emerge to find the moral sensitivity or responsiveness of the West adequate. But I do not think that we are spiritually exhausted or that any exhaustion can be ascribed to our material progress. Labor's contribution to this progress has been large and indispensable, and I cannot recognize any incompatibility between material and spiritual well-being.

Finally, I agree with Solzhenitsyn that the East should not model itself on the West. But that is not the issue in world politics today. The issue is whether the people of the Soviet Union, of China, of Cuba and of the other totalitarian countries can win the right to decide for themselves what model they wish to follow. Fundamentally, this is an issue of human rights, of freedom. In the struggle to win these rights, no voice has been more eloquent or effective than Alexander Solzhenitsyn's.

Sidney Hook: Above All, Freedom

A senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace at Stanford University, Hook is emeritus professor of philosophy at New York University.

I wholeheartedly agree with the moral and political values expressed in Solzhenitsyn's Harvard address. I share many of his political judgments as well. My disagreements with him are mainly philosophical. Commitment to freedom and a humane society does not require acceptance of a religious faith or subscription to any theological or metaphysical creed. Morality is logically independent of religion. To be sure, a free society is one that cherishes religious freedom, but this embraces not only a right to believe but a right to disbelieve.

Solzhenitsyn speaks in the tradition of Dostoyevsky, who taught that if man did not worship God, he would worship the devil or himself in the form of Caesar. This is a dubious ground for the pluralistic beliefs essential to a democracy. Organized religions in the past have supported despotism, and some churchmen in our own time still do.

In political life freedom conflicts with freedom; for example, the right to know may conflict with the right to privacy. That is why I agree with Solzhenitsyn that we cannot make an absolute of any specific good or freedom except the freedom of intelligence. Solzhenitsyn calls upon the West to stress obligations rather than rights. Our overriding obligation must be to "the moral obligation to be intelligent."

Solzhenitsyn has been falsely accused of calling for a holy war against Communism. He is in fact calling for a resolute defense of freedom as our best hope for an honorable peace. We should have learned by now that peace at any price means abject surrender to brutal aggression. In essence Solzhenitsyn's view is no different from President John Kennedy's early declaration about freedom or from that of Winston Churchill



Hook

Solzhenitsyn is right in his denunciation of the double standard of morality that prevails in the academy. Contrast the silence about the genocide in Cambodia and about repression in Cuba and Viet Nam with the stormy agitation about South Korea or South Africa. Solzhenitsyn is right in decrying our failure of nerve. He is saying that any society that makes mere survival the be-all and end-all of life will sacrifice everything that makes life worth living. He is warning us that whoever values comfort, property or security above freedom when it is threatened will lose not only their freedom but their comfort, property and security, too. It is a message worth taking to heart.

Jerzy Kosinski: The Disenchanted Pilgrim

A Polish novelist who became a naturalized American citizen in 1965, Kosinski won the National Book Award in Fiction in 1969 for *Steps*, and is also the author of *The Painted Bird*.

Am I a child of European fascism, a survivor of Hitler's Holocaust, a student in Stalin's spiritual *gulag*, ready to reject the freedom I have enjoyed in this nation for 20 years because Solzhenitsyn tells us that here "the defense of individual rights has reached such extremes as to make society as a whole defenseless against certain individuals"? Am I, who have passed half of my life at the mercy of totalitarian authority, really to feel that my personal freedom in this country is now endangered because, as Solzhenitsyn regrets, "a statesman who wants to achieve something important or highly constructive has to move cautiously and even timidly"? Am I, who came of age in Eastern Europe in the period of inflicted morality, really to fear danger "to the human soul" from what Solzhenitsyn calls "today's mass living habits"? Am I not here the master of my soul?

Sharing with Solzhenitsyn a despair over the millions who perished in totalitarian hands including all but three members of my once numerous family, I nevertheless believe that he has failed to comprehend that often democracy is at best a shifting state between the tyranny it overthrows and the tyranny it might become. Even though freedom, tolerance and other qualities might be termed democracy's adjusted faults, these are by far to be preferred to the rigid correctness of totalitarianism. Like a writer's work, freedom exists only when it is constantly interpreted—even misinterpreted.



Kosinski

Barbara Tuchman: America's Savonarola

Historian and author, Tuchman won Pulitzers for *The Guns of August* and *Stilwell and the American Experience in China 1911-45*.

Solzhenitsyn is a type of Isaiah, the angry prophet who arises when mankind is seriously misbehaving to denounce the age and its sins. People like to be scolded, especially when their conscience is bad—as it is in this last quarter of the terrible 20th century. This explains the Solzhenitsyn cult. He is fashionable; he is our Savonarola. I do not believe everything he says about Western society, although it is useful to hear his strictures; they make us think. Relatively speaking, however, I think America has good qualities, perhaps less operative now than they might be, but inherent, nonetheless. I would rather live in America than anywhere else I could think of—and so, evidently, would Solzhenitsyn



Tuchman

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Americana

Gator Aid

For 16 years, Florida protected alligators from hunters as an endangered species. The reptiles have multiplied mightily, increasing their numbers to an estimated half a million today. But the state's human population also has been expanding rapidly, and contractors have been filling in swamps and marshes for real estate developments. The result: the once endangered species became an endangering one, venturing onto golf courses and into backyard swimming pools. Last year there were twelve unprovoked attacks by gators on humans. One victim, a man who had been cleaning weeds from his dock, died.



Now the reclassification of gators as a threatened species has enabled Florida to hire trappers to thin them out in areas where they are causing serious

problems. Even some conservationists support the trappers. Says Johnny Jones, executive director of the Florida Wildlife Association: "There are so many alligators that they are eating each other."

One of the first victims of the new program was a 12-ft gator that had become a favorite of schoolchildren in Green Cove Springs. Aghast officials called in a trapper after learning that the kids were serving up poodles and other neighborhood pets to their friend as snacks. Says Wildlife Biologist Tommy Hines: "He was not afraid of anybody. Every time somebody came up to him, he thought it was time for dinner."

"Men of Good Stature"



The 800 members of the Circumnavigators Club in New York City include Senator Barry Goldwater, who walked around the world both ways at the South Pole; Astronaut Neil Armstrong, who holds the record for the highest circumnavigation; and Admiral James Calvert, who circled under the North Pole's ice-cap aboard the nuclear submarine *Skate*. But last week the 76-year-old club snubbed a sailor who traveled around the world alone in a 53-ft. sloop because the mariner was ineligible to join the club, which restricts membership to "men of good stature."

Naomi James, 29, a native of New Zealand, made the voyage in 272 days aboard the *Express Crusader*, accompanied by her kitten Boris and a stack of Rod Stewart tape recordings. Upon hearing about her feat, Explorer Tristan Jones, who has circumnavigated the globe three

times, urged club officials to wire congratulations to James. When they refused, he huffily withdrew his application for membership and denounced the members as "bloody old fogies who've gone around the world once in a steamer."

As far as Naomi James is concerned, she needs neither the club nor Jones to make her world go round. Said she: "I've never heard of the Circumnavigators Club or of the people who are making all the fuss. It seems to be a lot of men stirring up trouble among themselves."

Shouldering Chips

To settle a crinkly bag of lawsuits over illegal price fixing, Laura Scudder's Frito-Lay, Granny Goose Foods and five other manufacturers of potato chips and tortilla chips agreed to refund \$3.8 million to retailers and \$2.2 million to consumers in Arizona, California and Nevada. Company records listed the retailers involved, so that was no problem. But how to handle the refunds to consumers?

After three years of work on the distribution problem, company officials initiated a court-prescribed honor system. They published newspaper notices asking people to fill out forms categorizing themselves as light, medium or heavy consumers of chips. Heavy users were eligible for a \$6.30 rebate, medium users for \$5.30 and light users for \$4.30.

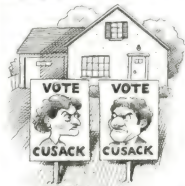
The respondents proved to be remarkably honest: less than 1% broke the rules by filing more than one application. Among them was a man in Fresno, Calif., who apparently thought he was entering a contest. He bought 125 newspapers, completed the forms and mailed them all in. When the refund checks went out, one was sent to him—for \$6.30, far less than what he had paid for the newspapers.

Battle of the Sexes

In Ionia, Mich., two bedfellows are making for strange politics. Robert Cusack, 38, and his wife Beverly, 35, who are both real estate agents, have been arguing at home about politics for years. Now they are both running for the same county commission seat, he as a Democrat, she as a Republican.

The chief issues are local land use and the candidates' personalities. Robert promises to uphold property rights. Says he: "I don't like to see the government push people around." Besides, he insists that he is better qualified by temperament for the job: "I would be more forthright, controversial and make more waves." Reports Beverly, who has attended every Ionia County commission meeting for the past four years: "Robert knows the issues, but I'm more informed about the facts and figures. The government should not dictate to people, yet it has an important role to play." If elected, she adds, "I'd be a compromiser and peacemaker."

The Cusacks' three children are trying not to take sides. Happily, they are too young to vote.





World

EAST-WEST

A Diplomatic Chill Deepens

And the White House decides that it is time to cool its own tough talk

No thermometer was needed to know early last week that East-West relations were growing even colder. In a slightly undignified verbal slugfest, President Carter and Cuba's Fidel Castro traded public charges over the role played by Cuban troops in the May invasion of Zaire's Shaba region by Katangese rebels. The Soviets, meanwhile, stepped up a new anti-American harassment campaign: they arrested one Moscow-based Yankee businessman on what seem to be trumped-up charges and angrily publicized bizarre details about the activities of a CIA agent who had been expelled from the U.S.S.R. last summer (see following stories). Moreover, a commentary in *Pravda* blasted the President for endangering peace by engineering a "turnabout" in U.S.-Soviet relations and for meddling in Soviet internal affairs by his human rights campaign. At his midweek Washington press conference, Carter had vowed to continue speaking out in support of individual Soviet dissidents and to do "the best we can to acquaint the world with the hazards and consequences of increasing involvement of the Soviets and Cubans in Africa."

But the deteriorating relations have apparently made the White House nervous: after the President bluntly warned the Russians, at this year's U.S. Naval Academy graduation exercises, that they

had to choose between confrontation or cooperation, he may have got more of a reaction than he bargained for. In a seeming shift in tactics at week's end, the White House began sending forth signals that it was going to temper its rhetoric in dealing with the East in the hopes of reversing the downward cycle of detente.

Despite the White House decision to cool the tough talk, East-West relations are likely to remain tense for some time. U.S. officials are frustrated over the non-stop buildup of the Soviet nuclear and conventional arsenal, the provocative Russian gambits in Africa and Moscow's failure to reciprocate Washington's unilateral moves in support of detente, such as Carter's cancellation of the B-1 bomber and his deferment of neutron bomb production. There is, in fact, a feeling in Washington that superpower relations may be entering a delicate transition period. Observes one U.S. official: "Over the rest of this year the balance of the relationship will change. It will either be better or worse, but it will change."

The Soviets profess to be confused by Carter's policies, which Moscow's weekly *New Times* complained are "changeable as the weather." But they are also openly angry. The *Pravda* commentary, which is viewed by Western experts as the official Kremlin response to Carter's Annapolis address, denounced the President for presenting the most "preconceived

and distorted" analysis of Soviet "realities" since the days of the cold war. The shrill rebuttal by the Communist Party daily also charged that Carter was "whipping up the arms race" and "exaggerating in every way the elements of rivalry and belittling the importance of cooperation in U.S.S.R.-U.S. relations."

The *Pravda* blast was almost certainly drafted before the White House began signaling its intention to retreat from its brief flirtation with a hard line. But even before that sudden decision last week, Carter had left the door ajar for detente. In his Naval Academy speech and after it, he carefully avoided ultimatums, threatening neither to curtail U.S. grain sales to Russia, for example, nor to shut down the U.S. liaison office in Havana.

Administration officials feel that Moscow believes detente in general and a new strategic arms limitation agreement in particular favor the interests of the Soviet Union. The White House has yet to find a way of convincing the Kremlin that its adventurism in the Third World threatens these interests—even though Moscow knows that it is as easy to lose friends and influence in Africa and Asia as to gain them. The Soviets, for example, suffered a stunning setback when the Soviet-Egyptian friendship treaty was dissolved by Anwar Sadat in 1976. Less dramatic but still pain-

ful have been the U.S.S.R.'s losses of its once privileged status in the Sudan, the use of a naval base in Somalia and the right to land long-range reconnaissance planes in Guinea.

Moscow's most recent embarrassment in the Third World involved its putative closest Arab friend, Iraq. Earlier this month Baghdad disclosed that 21 pro-Soviet Iraqi army officers had been hanged because they were attempting to organize Marxist cells inside the army. According to Arab sources, moreover, the Iraqis have warned Moscow that its continued support of Ethiopia against the predominantly Muslim Eritrean rebels may force Baghdad to cancel the six-year-old Iraq-Soviet friendship treaty.

If Moscow decides to respond to any new, softer U.S. approach, it could signal its intent in a number of ways. One would be to restrain the activities of the Cuban troops in Africa; another could be a greater willingness to compromise in the stalemate strategic arms talks. Still another would be to help reach an agreement at Vienna on limiting the deployment of conventional forces in Central Europe.

These negotiations between NATO and the Soviet-led Warsaw Pact, aimed at reaching a mutual and balanced force reduction (MBFR), have been deadlocked since they began five years ago. Early this month, in a move that surprised the Carter Administration, Moscow appeared to have accepted a key NATO demand: that the force levels in Central Europe of the two opposing alliances be set at parity. This would permit each side to have 700,000 ground troops, with an overall limit of 900,000 ground and air forces. Parity would require the Warsaw Pact to withdraw more troops than NATO, since Communist ground units, according to U.S. intelligence reports, outnumber Western forces in Central Europe by about 950,000 to 792,000. Until its recent proposal, Moscow had insisted on cutting both sides by an equal percentage, thus preserving the East bloc's advantage.

Even if Moscow's concession on MBFR turns out to be genuine, there are still a number of thorny issues to be resolved. For example, Western experts wonder whether the Warsaw Pact states will admit to having 950,000 ground troops in Central Europe. Instead, they may continue to insist that they have only 805,000 soldiers and thus are already near parity with the West. Notes a U.S. analyst involved in the Vienna talks: "We and the Soviets disagree thoroughly on manpower data. Until we get a data base agreement, there's no breakthrough." Moscow's refusal to budge on the data question would therefore make the "concession" on parity meaningless. But unless the Soviets convincingly demonstrate, on MBFR or some other key issue, their commitment to détente, Washington might come reluctantly to the conclusion that the Russians are not yet ready for a cycle of sweetness and light in East-West relations. ■

Episodes in a Looking-Glass War

Soviet and U.S. spies expose each other's capers

The short, slick spy thriller had been written to order by Russia's famed detective novelist, Julian Semyonov—the Soviet Ian Fleming. Spread over five columns of *Izvestiya* last week, it had some of the suspense but none of the humor of a James Bond story. The tale began as Martha Peterson, 32, a tall, blonde vice consul in the U.S. embassy in Moscow, drove her car to a deserted street in the Soviet capital. Quickly changing from a white dress to a black outfit that would meld into the shadows, she boarded in rapid succession a bus, a streetcar, a subway and a taxi. Satisfied that she was not being tailed, she walked to a bridge over the Moscow River and deftly thrust a stone into a chink in the wall.

Suddenly, the area was alive with agents of SMERSH—the celebrated Soviet

counterintelligence service. As the lady yelled "I am a foreigner!" to alert her Russian accomplice, who was lurking near by, the agents examined the stone she had left at the dead drop. Cleverly concealed inside were espionage instructions, miniature cameras, Soviet currency and gold. Most damning were two ampoules of a deadly poison. Peterson was charged with passing them to a Russian contact who allegedly had used the same poison in an earlier CIA plot to kill an innocent man.

There was some truth to *Izvestiya's* fiction. As some Washington officials tacitly conceded last week, the lady vice consul had indeed been involved in some Moscow capers of a type that are more or less routine in the murky world of espionage. She was a CIA agent operating under diplomatic cover in Moscow. Nabbed by Soviet counterintelligence last July, she was photographed with an array of spy gear and quietly allowed to leave the U.S.S.R. under diplomatic immunity. She was reassigned to Washington. Hours after the appearance of the *Izvestiya* story, the State Department instructed the CIA to put Peterson on leave. She immediately dropped out of sight. In answer to queries about the *Izvestiya* charges, a CIA spokesman denied only that Peterson had been involved in murder—a crime that U.S. intelligence agents are prohibited from committing by Gerald Ford's 1976 presidential order.

The *Izvestiya* story was the most dramatic salvo in a Le Carré-like "looking-glass war" that has developed between Russian and American spooks: in a sense, it is the mirror image of the East-West battle of words being conducted on the



Russia's Enger after indictment



Soviet photograph of Peterson being confronted with spy equipment by KGB

Some of the suspense but none of the humor of a James Bond thriller.

World

diplomatic front. The Soviet decision to make a sensational public issue of the Peterson case was apparently prompted by U.S. disclosures four weeks ago that the FBI had captured three Soviet spies in Woodbridge, N.J. One of the Russians, a staff member of the Soviet mission to the U.N., had diplomatic immunity and was swiftly sent home. The other two, United Nations Employees Rudolf Chernyayev and Valdik Enger, were indicted by a grand jury on charges of passing U.S. Navy secrets and jailed with the unusually high bail of \$2 million each. FBI leaks to the press ridiculed the agents as ham-fisted operatives who had been caught with an orange-juice carton full of phony antisubmarine warfare documents that had been prepared for them by the feds.

Though the Justice Department had a strong case against the Russians, the decision to prosecute them (rather than hustle them out of the country) was made by the White House. "The Soviets were agitated, really ripped off," one State Department official said. "They accused us of changing the rules of the game." Indeed, the U.S. had deliberately violated an informal understanding between Soviet and American intelligence services that each other's spies will be discreetly ferreted out of the country when they are caught. Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko complained angrily to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance about the indictment of the spies, threatening that "two can play this game."

In addition to brandishing Peterson's transgressions, the Soviets have coolly demanded indemnification for damage done to their equipment by American security officers who had discovered KGB devices bugging the U.S. embassy in Moscow. Furious about the U.S. discovery of the cavedropping equipment and subsequent news stories about it, the Soviets countered by declaring that the Americans had actually been using the apparatus to spy on the Russians.

The spy war intensified last week when the Soviets arrested F. Jay Crawford, 37, a Moscow representative of the International Harvester Co., and accused him of selling foreign currency to Soviet citizens at speculative prices—a charge that could cost him eight years in a forced-labor camp plus a five-year term of exile in the U.S.S.R. Crawford, a genial Alabamian, was driving to a cocktail party with his fiancée, U.S. Embassy Secretary Virginia Olbrish, when policemen accosted him at a traffic light and dragged him from his car. When his fiancée resisted the cops, she was bruised in the scuffle. Late last week, U.S. Consul Clifford Gross was allowed to visit Crawford at Moscow's Lefortovo Prison. Crawford appeared to be in good health but was distraught. U.S. officials insist that the Soviet allegations are trumped up. "There is no indication that he was into anything that wasn't

completely aboveboard," said a senior State Department official.

Crawford's arrest worried American businessmen in Moscow. Many fear that another representative of a U.S. firm will be arrested by the KGB so that they can have two Americans on hand to trade for the two Soviet spies held in the U.S. Washington has been adamant in advance about rejecting such a trade. Meanwhile, American firms doing business with the U.S.S.R. were reassessing the pros and cons of U.S.-Soviet trade.

Many were alarmed by the fact that the Russians picked on International Harvester, which has sold the Soviets more than \$300 million worth of much needed heavy construction equipment and gas turbines. Moreover, Harvester's board chairman, Brooks McCormick, has been one of the U.S.'s most active boosters of trade between the two countries. Declared a White House aide: "Crawford's arrest is not the kind of move designed to inspire confidence in the American business community."



Fidel Castro defends the Cuban position in talk with U.S. Congressmen

It's Carter vs. Castro

The two leaders argue about Cuba's role in Zaïre

"I don't really desire to get into a public dispute with Mr. Castro through the news media," protested Jimmy Carter at the start of his press conference last week. In fact, however, he was already deeply involved in a shouting match with the Cuban Premier over Havana's involvement in last month's invasion of southern Zaïre.

For the second time in 14 months, Zaïre's Shaba region, once known as Katanga province, had been invaded by Katangese rebels who had fled to neighboring Angola in the mid-1960s and were now trying to regain their homeland. Everybody agreed that the Katangese had once fought for the Portuguese against the Angolan guerrilla armies but switched sides to the strongest of these groups, Agostinho Neto's Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola, which later came to power. Even Castro conceded that throughout this period and until some time in early 1976, the Cubans in Angola had helped train and arm the Katangese

because they were fighting with the Popular Movement against two rival liberation groups.

Carter's argument last week seemed to be that Castro, who has admitted knowing of the invasion plan in advance, should have taken decisive action to stop it. Of Castro's 20,000 troops in Angola, Carter charged, 4,000 were located in the northeastern region of the country where the Katangese were based. At the very least, Carter implied, Castro could have notified neighboring countries, or the Organization of African Unity, or the "world at large," of impending trouble.

Some of Carter's details were a bit fuzzy. He alluded to "a story published. I think, in TIME magazine the last week in May" and recalled that "later Castro informed one of our own diplomats that he knew about the impending invasion ahead of time and that he attempted to notify President Neto of Angola and was unsuccessful." TIME's cover story on Africa reported that Castro had called in Lyle

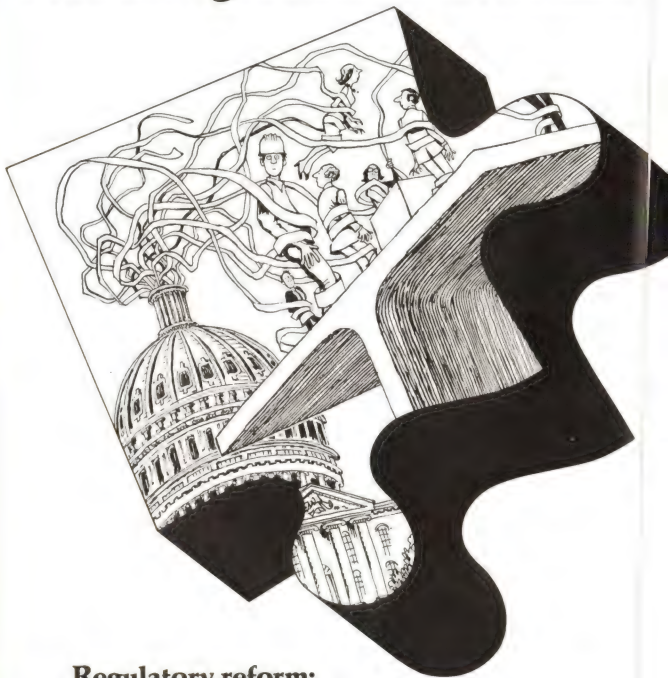
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DODGE DIPLOMAT.

World

Lane, the ranking U.S. diplomat in Havana, and told him he knew of the invasion in advance and had tried unsuccessfully to head it off. Castro told Lane he had indeed notified Neto, who was unable to deter the Katangese.

Two days before Carter's press conference, Castro told his side of the story to a group of visiting American Congressmen and journalists; his account clashed with Carter's on a number of key points. Castro insisted that after the Popular Movement triumphed over its rivals in early 1976, the Cubans stopped helping the Katangese. He maintained that there had been no contact between them and his military or civilian personnel since that time.

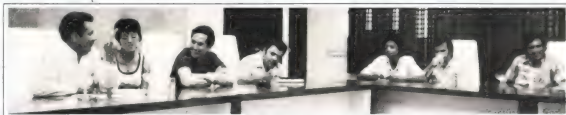
Castro singled out Carter's National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski as the villain in the Administration who prevailed on the President to "perpetrate this

absolute lie" about the Cuban involvement. Gesturing with one of his long Cohiba cigars, Castro said: "We have never lied, either to our friends or to our enemies. We may keep some things private, and we may be discreet, but we have never used lies as an instrument of politics."

Later, in an interview with *TIME* Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott, Castro insisted that Cuba's goals in Africa were peaceful ones. "We are not a military power," he said. "We have no nuclear weapons, no navy, no strategic forces. We are just a small country whose most important raw material is its spirit, the willingness of our people to sacrifice and demonstrate solidarity with other peoples. In the current cases mentioned most often, Angola and Ethiopia, we have prevented two historic crimes: the occupation of Angola by South Africa and the dis-

integration of the Ethiopian state as a result of foreign aggression." At week's end, Castro took the offensive. He told American TV interviewers that the CIA recently offered UNITA, a rebel group inside Angola, support in its fight against the Popular Movement's Neto. Responded a White House aide: "That is absurd."

Meanwhile, the Carter Administration was trying hard to convince Congress that it "had the goods" on Castro, as one White House official put it. CIA Director Stansfield Turner was dispatched to Capitol Hill with what he called "35 pieces of disparate evidence." In addition to charts, maps and accounts furnished by captured Katangese soldiers, the evidence included a letter sent by the Katangese rebel leader Nathaniel Mbumba to President Kenneth Kaunda requesting permission for the rebels to cross Zambian territory on their way to Shaba. The



Congressman Stephen Solarz (third from left) meeting with students at the University of Havana for a political discussion

A Display of Groupthink

*What do young Cubans think of their country's current political and military role in Africa? New York's Democratic Congressman Stephen Solarz, while on a fact-finding visit to Cuba, met with a group of 16 students at the University of Havana. The three-hour session, reports *TIME* Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott, taught Solarz a bit more about life in present-day Cuba than his hosts had intended.*

One by one, the students delivered their set pieces for the benefit of their visitor. "I am an eternal lover of peace," proclaimed Victor Alvarez, a fourth-year economics major. "But as a human being I cannot aspire to live in peace while there are people throughout the world who do not have that privilege. Therefore I stand ready to fulfill my moral commitment to extend internationalist aid to any underdeveloped country that may need it and request it."

Rafael Ramirez said that when he completed his biochemistry course, he planned "to devote myself to the service of the revolution, wherever it might send me." The students were all talking about Africa, explained Elio Jiménez, a dark-skinned economist. "Because of the blood of our African ancestors, we cannot sit by idly and watch counterrevolutionary bandits snatch victory away from Comrade Agostinho Neto in Angola."

For the first half of the meeting, the carefully selected and well-prepared students put on an impressive display of Cuban groupthink. But then Congressman Solarz tried to inject some spontaneity into the discussion—and caught the students off guard. When he called for a show of hands by those who had friends fighting in Angola or Ethiopia, 16 were hesitantly raised. He asked how many of

the students had friends who had been killed or wounded in Africa; by reflex, four students started to raise their hands. But University Vice Rector Fernando Rojas made an urgent, commanding gesture that caused all hands to drop. Cuban casualties in Africa is an extremely sensitive subject.

From then on, the students seemed less sure of themselves. Solarz shifted to questions about the Eritrean rebellion in Ethiopia and the civil war in Rhodesia. The students seemed confounded. "You are asking us to perform a great abstraction," complained Alvarez. "No, I'm not," said Solarz. "I'm just asking for your personal opinions." "Our opinion is free, open and democratic," explained Jiménez. "but it must coincide with the foreign policy of the revolutionary Cuban government."

Solarz pressed on: "Do you believe Cuba should send its troops into Rhodesia?" Jiménez answered lamely: "We are only modest students who have a certain level of information." Embarrassed silence greeted the Congressman when he asked if the Eritrean secessionists, whom Cuba used to support but now opposes, were counterrevolutionaries. Esteban Morales, one of the four professors present, tried to rescue his uncomfortable students with a little dialectical gobbledygook. "I consider that the analysis of this question," said Morales, "depends on a logical assessment of the concrete situation, and to evaluate, one must ask how to advance the cause of the revolution." As the session dragged on, it became more and more obvious that on subjects where the government's line was not yet clearly defined, students and teachers alike were intellectually incapacitated.

At the end, waiters passed out frozen daiquiris. Toasting his hosts, Solarz thanked them for a revealing demonstration of "democratic centrism" at work. The students seemed unaware of his irony.

World

letter, which was not shown to Congress, supposedly said that Cuba had been "helpful" in planning the attack.

Congressmen were not altogether impressed. "That letter reminded me," said one, "of a politician soliciting aid by saying, 'Support me because I've got so-and-so backing me up.'" Remarkably, Congressman Charles Diggs, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Africa, "I don't think there was a soul in that room who came away convinced." But on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, New York Republican Jacob Javits concluded that the Administration was correct in its assessment of Cuban activity, although others were not so sure. Many felt the Administration's concern about the Communists was getting in the way of the main goal of U.S. African policy—namely, finding an end to white minority rule.

At week's end the White House seemed to be trying to downplay the controversy, if only because it realized that without documentation the dispute might never be resolved. Nonetheless, the Administration was sticking to the main conclusions of its intelligence reports: that the Cuban presence in Angola is all-pervasive today; that Cuban assistance to the Katangese insurgents has never stopped; and that last month's Shaba invasion took place with the cooperation of both the Cubans and the Angolan government.

Whatever the truth about the degree of Cuban involvement, it seemed clear that both Washington and Havana were seeking to exploit the issue for their own purposes. The Carter Administration was trying to demonstrate that the Cubans had broken one of black Africa's most sacred political principles: respect for the sanctity of existing national boundaries. In a larger sense, Washington was emphasizing to both Moscow and Havana that the buildup of Soviet-Cuban influence throughout Africa must be ended if East-West détente is to be strengthened. Castro's motives in denying any involvement with the Katangese might be defensive ones: to dissociate his regime from a dubious, and worse, a failed venture.

While the debate continued, eight Western governments (plus Japan and Iran) met in Brussels and agreed to put up at least \$70 million to rescue the Zairian government of President Mobutu Sese Seko from bankruptcy during the next three months under a stringent formula that British Foreign Secretary David Owen called "a monitorable plan for economic assistance." After some earlier protest, Mobutu now seemed ready to accept a few restrictive conditions on how he spends Zaire's money. Mobutu is also expected to seek increased military assistance from the West. At week's end, Zairian intelligence sources claimed that Katangese rebels have again begun massing, threatening to renew the insurgency.

LEBANON

Bloodshed as the Israelis Go Home

"I only wish they would all get the hell out of here"

The scene was part pastoral, part pomp and circumstance. Camels, sheep and donkeys moved lazily beside a tiny reservoir, seemingly unbothered by the throngs of waving and shouting Lebanese villagers massed around the dusty, brown dirt field where the handing-over ceremonies were about to begin. Thus at Meis el-Jabal, a village of 6,000 Shiite Muslims in southern Lebanon, one mile west of the Israeli border, the last units of the Israeli Defense Forces departed for home last week, 91 days after they had invaded Lebanon. The Israelis turned over the fight against Palestinian terrorists in the region to the 6,000-man United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon (UNIFIL) and 700 skilled Lebanese Christian troops, who are backed by hundreds of local militiamen scattered throughout the area.

At Meis el-Jabal the blue and white Israeli flag was lowered while the red, white and green Lebanese flag remained atop a nearby flagpole. Churning up the dry, dusty ground, Israeli tanks thundered out of the village while Lebanese Christian troops in their tanks saluted. "We consider this a new day in the independence of Lebanon," declared Major Sa'ad Haddad, the Lebanese Christian commander. "But I recommend that if the U.N. forces do not keep the area clean of terrorists, the Israeli Defense Forces enter again to help us." That sentiment was echoed by the Israeli commander, Major General Avigdor Ben-Gal. Said he: "We did not and will not turn our

backs on the people of Lebanon."

The pullout by the Israeli forces, in fact, leaves their Lebanese Christian allies measurably stronger than before the invasion. Originally centered in an area near Marjayoun (see map), the Christians have now broadened their control of southern Lebanon from the Mediterranean to the slopes of Mount Hermon. The Israelis turned over to Major Haddad's forces 20 of the most vital positions along a 40-mile front three to five miles deep along the Israeli border. Behind them, the Israeli army will be at the ready to back up the Christians if needed.

The U.N. forces were given a rousing welcome by Lebanese villagers when they moved in. But the 14 positions they will occupy are clearly inferior to those held by the Christians. A U.N. officer put it bluntly: "We got second choice." Said another officer bitterly of the Christian gains: "I haven't heard of such a growth of the Christian faith since the days of the saints." The Israelis made no effort to hide their contempt for the U.N. troops, who they believe secretly favor the Palestinians; they delayed their scheduled departure for more than two hours.

Major Haddad insisted that the area under his control was "clean from terrorists." How long it will stay that way remains to be seen. Both the Palestinians and the Syrians, who occupy much of northern Lebanon, opposed the withdrawal arrangement because it entrenched the Christians in a buffer zone



Israeli soldiers in personnel carriers prepare to evacuate southern Lebanon

Not since the days of the saints was there such a growth of the Christian faith.

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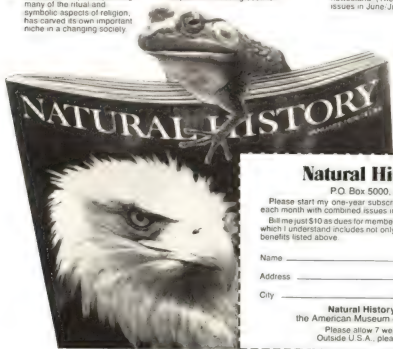
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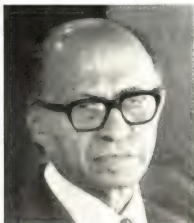
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World

along the Israeli border that had previously been a Palestinian stronghold. The Syrians in time are expected to help the Palestinians in their struggle with the Christians. "We will not accept a reactionary fascist presence in the south," said a high-ranking officer of the Palestine Liberation Organization last week. "As [P.L.O. Leader Yasser] Arafat says, they are there illegally, and we will do everything in our power to make their lives very uncomfortable." The unlucky ones, once again, are sure to be the Lebanese villagers. Said a 78-year-old farmer near Naqura, where the Christians took over an Israeli post: "I only wish they would all get the hell out of here and leave this land to the people of Lebanon. We have become prisoners of a bunch of foreigners."

Even as the Israelis left southern Lebanon, the Syrian army was moving to stop an ominous outbreak of bloodletting among Christian factions in northern Lebanon. Bitter rivalry between the three chieftains, former President Suleiman Franjeh, Pierre Gemayel and Camille Chamoun, has been festering for months. Franjeh and his followers have close ties with Syrian President Hafez Assad, while Gemayel's Phalangists and Chamoun's Freedom Party have increasingly become pro-Israeli and anti-Syrian.

On the morning of the withdrawal, some 200 armed Phalangists descended on the resort village of Ehden, 60 miles north of Beirut, where Tony Franjeh, 36, the eldest son of Suleiman Franjeh and commander of his father's private army, was vacationing. The Phalangists opened fire on Franjeh's house with rockets and guns, killing him, his wife and daughter, and 35 other people. The speculation was that Gemayel, whose 15,000-man private army is the strongest among the three factions, was out to de-



Ailing Premier Menachem Begin

A bitter mood is building.

stroy both the Franjeh and Chamoun clans in the hope of taking over as undisputed leader of the Christian side.

Late last week the Christian divisions were also showing up among the Lebanese force in the south, where some units rebelled against Major Haddad's command. In the wake of the massacre, 10,000 Syrian troops moved into position in the north. In running fire fights with the Phalangists, they killed an undisclosed number of Christians and took some prisoners as well. In Damascus, the Syrian press implied that Jerusalem had plotted Franjeh's murder to cover up its handing over of the strongholds in southern Lebanon to Christian forces.

There was no reaction to that emotional charge in Jerusalem. The Israelis were worried about Premier Menachem Begin's health and embroiled in a domestic debate about how the government should respond to Washington's request

for more details on Israel's plan for autonomy for the occupied West Bank. His doctors say that Begin, who was resting at home last week, suffers from diabetes and heart trouble, but rumors persist that his health is worse than has been acknowledged. He both looks and acts ill. During a Cabinet meeting recently, Begin's head dropped, and he blacked out. His aides rushed him from the room, and he was gone for 45 minutes before he could resume his place.

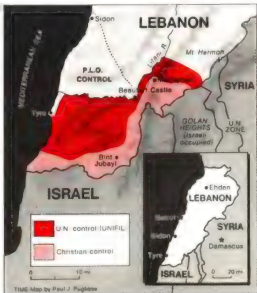
The long awaited Cabinet debate on Washington's questions about the West Bank was expected to be the toughest challenge to his leadership that Begin has faced. It hinged on Washington's request for Israel's position on whether after a five-year transition period it would be prepared to negotiate a final settlement for the area. Begin was opposing two camps led by Defense Minister Ezer Weizman and Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan, both of whom favor a firm commitment. Instead, the Premier was said to support a proposal by Chaim Landau, Minister Without Portfolio and an old friend, that Israel promise only to "reconsider" the situation.

After consulting key Cabinet members, Begin at week's end was reported to have arrived at a compromise that would be backed by the Cabinet and stave off major resignations for the moment. But Begin's reluctance to commit himself to yielding Israeli sovereignty over the West Bank was increasingly viewed as untenable and unrealistic, even by members of his Cabinet. The bitter mood building against the Premier was underscored last week by a member of the Knesset from Begin's Likud coalition "Labor managed to wreck Israel in 29 years of government," he said. "We [the Likud] managed to do it in only one."



Mourners carrying picture of Tony Franjeh at his funeral

The fruit of bitter, festering rivalry



World

SOUTH AFRICA

Soweto: A Depressing Anniversary

Some losses for urban blacks and some possibilities

The trip is almost a parody of a see-the-stars-homes guided tour through Beverly Hills. Visiting VIP's may now enjoy government-sponsored minibus excursions through Soweto, the sprawling black ghetto on the southwestern rim of Johannesburg that is home to 1,500,000 urban blacks.

Tour guides point out the homes of Soweto's black leaders (most of whom are, or have been, detained for antigovernment activities). The visitors also see the charred remains of buildings burned during the riots of 1976. Presumably, the tourists also note such sights as unemployed blacks drinking at Soweto's government-sponsored beer halls, or youths—rebellious dropouts from inadequate, segregated schools—furtively passing marijuana joints back and forth on dusty street corners. The object of the tours is to show foreigners that Soweto is "peaceful" again, following the epochal riots that began there two years ago, spread to other townships and eventually killed 618 people. Last week TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter paid an anniversary visit to Soweto, which has become a symbol of black anger and frustration. His report:

By government measurements, perhaps, Soweto is peaceful once more. A year ago, the militant young blacks who launched the antiapartheid protests in 1976, and who became the community's dominant political force, orchestrated an impressive commemoration. "The Children," as they had come to be called, decreed a two-day general strike. They shut

down the beer halls and suspended sports events so that Sowetans could gather in churches to honor the dead with hymns extolling black power.

By contrast, the second anniversary observance last week was brief. There was no work stoppage to hobble Johannesburg homes and offices; blacks were too worried by rising unemployment to risk dismissal. Shops closed, but only for a few hours. There was no defiant stone tossing at police who had thrown up heavy roadblocks and who cruised the areas where observances were held. A police official had warned one leader of the community:

"If one stone is thrown, I won't even waste my men's time in coming to pick you up. I will send word for you to pack your suitcase and report to Modderbee Prison for detention." The warning was believed. Admitted one of The Children: "The police have scared everybody, even us."

Since last June's protests South African authorities have moved efficiently to chop at the roots of black resistance. A year ago, The Children had power enough to force the resignation of Soweto's 41-member Urban Bantu Council for being too subservient to white control and to close most of the ghetto's secondary and high schools in a student-led boycott. They even helped speed the resignation of M.C. Botha, an archconservative who was South Africa's Minister of Bantu Administration. Since then, however, The Children have been shadowed, jailed and harassed to the point of impotency. So have

others, including members of the Committee of Ten, a group that linked youth with older black-consciousness leaders.

As a result of it all, the mood of Soweto last week was one of depression. The titles of plays being produced by Soweto playwrights reflect the joyless tone: "How Long?" "To Hell With Death" or "Lord Why" (which was also banned last week as provocative). A young black couple who named their newborn infant Vuyolweth, ("our happiness" in Xhosa language) were criticized by friends for picking such a joyful name in such sad times. Recent elections for seats on a new Community Council to replace the old Urban Bantu Council drew a scant 6% of Soweto's 137,000 eligible voters. David Thebehal, 40, head of the council, won with a total of 97 votes.

A political pragmatist, Thebehal argues that the South African government is now willing to give Soweto's blacks some control over life in the townships. Says he: "We have taken control of the administration of Soweto, and we are going to decide on all its financing, where and when every penny is spent, and its overall planning." Thebehal's most ambitious project is to raise a \$400 million development loan in Europe and the U.S.; the South African government will not assist in helping to raise or guarantee the loan, but it has agreed not to interfere.

Thebehal's ambitions are ardently supported by Cornelius ("Connie") Mulder, 53, a smooth-talking Transvaal politician who succeeded Botha. Mulder has vowed to make Soweto "the most beautiful city in Africa" by planning two new shopping centers and hotel complexes, theaters, drive-in movies, a tennis club and stadium and at least 8,000 new six-room houses with electricity. The housing is a better offer than Sowetans have experienced up to now, but there are catches: under terms of the 99-year leases, a father could not hand down a house through his family. Also, the government retains ownership of the land, and thus still has a legal weapon to dispossess black dissidents.

Sowetans, as a result, are understandably skeptical about such grandiose schemes. Nonetheless, some of them admit that Prime Minister John Vorster's government is belatedly admitting that urban blacks have claims to a permanent role within so-called "white" South Africa. Thus, at least, some accomplishments have been realized as a result of the riots of '76. Says Lutheran Bishop Manas Buthelezi, who lives in Soweto: "Until 1976, politics was something you went into. All of a sudden, politics came to where you were—your husband was detained, your sister or brother was shot, your house was razed. A whole generation has been politicized. Black consciousness has permeated the whole of the black community. The spirit is there. To kill the spirit, you will have to kill the people."



Black youths gather on a street in Soweto around an outdoor fire made from old tires. Even the militant, rebellious "children" have been pacified by police who scare everybody.



"Illegal entrants" from Laos caged in Thailand



Vietnamese boat people approaching Thai shore

INDOCHINA

Redoubling the Refugees' Woes

For escapees: inhospitable shores, few safe havens

Some of them escape across the 450-mile border between Kampuchea (Cambodia) and Thailand, which is dotted with spikes holding the sun-bleached skulls of would-be refugees who were shot down by Khmer Rouge frontier guards. With considerably greater ease, others manage to evade the purgatory of Pathet Lao rule by crossing the Mekong River, the poorly guarded frontier between Laos and Thailand. From Viet Nam, thousands of refugees—the so-called boat people—have sailed to Thailand or Malaysia in overcrowded junks. An equal number have died in the attempt.

And still they come. Last month 4,752 Vietnamese succeeded in joining the 450,000 refugees who have successfully escaped from Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos since the Communist takeovers in 1975. The most recent escapees have been the Vietnamese and Chinese who were fleeing Hanoi's harsh new crackdown on private property and trade, which has resulted in large-scale unemployment and serious food shortages. On the average, 1,400 Laotians swim or sail across the Mekong every month, while only 60 Cambodians make it across their booby-trapped frontier in a desperate run from the mass executions and ruthless resettlement program that have cost more than a million lives since 1975.

For those who have made the perilous journey out of their Communist homelands there are few safe havens. Harbor police in Singapore, Hong Kong and Malaysian ports sometimes sharply discourage boatloads of hungry and thirsty Vietnamese, who then set sail again to virtually certain death at sea. Last week the arrest of six Thai policemen pointed to the widespread mistreatment of the 2,000 boat people who have taken refuge in Thailand. The po-

licemen were charged with looting and gang-raping about 30 Vietnamese in a fishing boat outside the coastal town of Nakhon Si Thammarat last month.

Though the United Nations maintains 16 camps for the 101,000 Indochinese refugees in Thailand at a cost of \$11.5 million a year—\$9.9 million of it provided by the U.S.—many would-be migrants are subject to cruel exploitation the instant they reach Thailand. All refugees arriving in the country, whether by sea or land, are considered "illegal entrants" and are fined up to \$75. Those who cannot pay are often jailed, sometimes in open-air cages.

Many of the Vietnamese refugees have been subjected to extortion several times. First, illegal ship brokers in Viet Nam demand 20 to 35 taels of gold (\$6,000 to \$10,500 on the Saigon market) to put a family of six on a fishing junk with 150 other people. When the ships near the Thai coast, Thai naval patrols sometimes climb aboard and rob the refugees of their remaining money and belongings. At least 1,000 boat people from Viet Nam are currently living in abject squalor on a stretch of beach in Songkhla, near the Malaysian border. These refugees have thus far survived on the 25¢ a day each receives from the U.N. and on food donated by the Vietnamese wife of the Dutch ambassador in Bangkok.

The Thais have a particular hatred for the Vietnamese. After the French defeat at Dienbienphu in 1954, Thailand accepted 50,000 Vietnamese refugees. Many of these Vietnamese have supported a Communist insurgency force, which is still operating in the northeastern part of the country, and have been regarded as a dangerous fifth column directed by Hanoi. The government of Prime Minister Kriangsak Chamanand is determined not to allow a second wave of

Vietnamese refugees to become a focal point for future dissent within Thailand.

Escapees from Cambodia and Laos have fared somewhat better in Thailand. Explains a European diplomat in Bangkok: "The Thais will accept the Laotians as ethnic cousins, while the Cambodians are not a group to be greatly feared; after all, the Thais always got their slaves from Cambodia." Still, exploitation is rife in the U.N. camps. In April, 18 Thais were arrested for robbing refugees in a camp at Nong Khai that houses 26,000 Laotians. Camp officials encourage Laotians to find work outside the compounds. "Many factories in this country are looking for cheap labor," explains Nong Khai Governor Chammarn Potchana. "While Thai workers want vacations and labor unions, refugees just want work."

For many of the Laotians the only work available is strictly for women: prostitution. The brothels and massage parlors in northeastern Thailand are packed with young Laotian refugees. Some are also abducted from the refugee camps to serve in whorehouses.

There are a few signs that refugee camp conditions may improve soon. After months of refusal, Thailand may be ready to respond to U.S. pressure for better care of its migrants. The U.S. has earmarked \$210 million over the next five years to help permanently resettle 40,000 to 50,000 refugees in Thailand. Last week the Justice Department announced that the U.S. will accept 25,000 more Indochinese in addition to the 160,000 who have been admitted to the U.S. since 1975. Australia is committed to taking 6,000 refugees from Thailand, and France is scheduled to resettle 10,000. At that rate, U.N. officials note, refugee departures from Thailand to more hospitable shores could reach 40,000 in the next twelve months. But if the totalitarian regimes of Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia persist in driving their citizens to seek freedom elsewhere, Thailand's refugee camps are bound to fill up again. ■

World

ITALY

An "Honest Man" Resigns

Just as the Moro crisis ends, Leone generates a new one

There goes the summer vacation," moaned a weary Christian Democratic leader last week, flipping off a television set at party headquarters and sinking back into a sofa. "We won't be able to see straight until fall. Even then, who knows?"

The reason for his dismay was the threat of a new political crisis that hit Italy just as the country was recovering from the tragic kidnaping and murder of former Premier Aldo Moro. Appearing on national television last week in the midst of World Cup soccer telecasts, white-thatched President Giovanni Leone, 69, a 34-year Christian Democratic political

of the bribes were directed to an Italian Premier code-named "Antelope Cobbler" in Lockheed memorandums. There were three Premiers during the time of the bribes: Leone, Moro and Mariano Rumor. All vigorously denied the accusations; Leone's denial was weakened, however, by his close friendship with the brothers Ovidio and Antonio Lefebvre, who have been accused of serving as Lockheed's bagmen and are currently on trial in connection with the payoffs. In addition, the muck-raking left-wing magazine *L'Espresso* raised serious questions about Leone's tax returns, especially on the amount of property tax he paid on a palatial \$850,000

cluding all parliamentary deputies and senators, along with delegates from Italy's 20 regions, must now select a successor. The vote could indeed run through the summer vacation: Leone, himself a compromise candidate, was elected in 1971 to succeed Giuseppe Saragat after 16 days of voting in which no fewer than 23 ballots were held.

Italian Presidents constitutionally do not succeed themselves; until his death last month, Aldo Moro was considered Leone's likely successor. Senate President Amintore Fanfani, a three-time Premier and unsuccessful presidential candidate in 1971, automatically assumed the post pro tempore, and the maneuvering will begin again.

Before the balloting starts at month's end, Christian Democrats must decide whether to fight for the post themselves or follow a custom in which the presidency alternates between a Christian Democrat and a representative of another party. If the governing party goes for it, Party Secretary Benigno Zaccagnini and Andreotti will be the most probable candidates. Socialist Francesco De Martino is a non-Christian Democratic possibility, since he is well known and respected by other parties. So is Ugo La Malfa, longtime leader of the smaller Republican Party.

The President, as head of state, has a largely ceremonial job; the Premier is head of government. Still, Leone's resignation produced political confusion, partly because there was no precedent for it, but also partly because the Christian Democrat-Communist relationship is so fragile.

In addition, Leone's decision came only eleven days before the onset of the "white semester," the final six months of a President's term, when he is constitutionally barred from dissolving parliament and calling an early general election. Leone's successor will not be bound by the white semester rule; meanwhile, there is also a tradition that Italian governments resign when a new President takes office, allowing him the option of reappointing the old government or of calling for a new one. Political observers wondered last week whether, in a situation so unusual, Premier Andreotti's government could survive.

The presidential resignation was not the only crisis confronting Italian television last week. It also appeared for a time that hundreds of thousands of Romans might not see the World Cup soccer match between Italy and West Germany. A few hours before the match was to begin in Argentina, terrorists—presumably the Red Brigades again—blew up a power station that provides electricity for much of Rome. Working feverishly, technicians restored the power just in time for Romans to watch their national team play to a draw.



Giovanni Leone's palatial villa "La Rughe" and the ex-President with his wife Vittoria. Was a benign bantam rooster the "antelope cobbler" of a "Wrinklegate"?

veteran and two-time former Premier, informed his "fellow Italians" in a heavy Neapolitan accent that he was resigning from the presidency.

Only once before had an Italian President left office prematurely—in 1964, when Antonio Segni resigned for reasons of health. Leone was bowing out almost seven months before his seven-year term was due to end because of the political storm that had blown up over accusations that he had been involved in payoffs and income tax irregularities. He insisted that he had been "an honest man" as President but his resignation was a recognition of political realities.

The charges dated back to discoveries two years ago that the Lockheed Corp., in order to sell 14 C-130 transport planes to the Italian air force, had paid a series of bribes between 1965 and 1968. Some

villa, called Le Rughe,* which he built 20 miles northwest of Rome.

During most of his term as President, Leone was regarded as a benign, bantam-rooster fellow, who was blessed with a singularly beautiful wife. But he also had a fair number of political enemies, and one by one, as the scandal unfolded, they picked up the charges. Leone tried to ignore the demands, but then the Communists decided that "the resignation of the President would appear to be in order." Since Premier Giulio Andreotti and the Christian Democrats are able to govern only with Communist support, that was a challenge that Leone could not overcome.

An electoral assembly of 1,010, in-

*Le Rughe means "wrinkles," from the land contours on which the house was built. Inevitably, that led Roman political observers to dub the scandal "Wrinklegate."



1978 Chrysler Cordoba

"The picture of style and taste."

Anthony Edgworth, contributing photographer, Esquire Magazine

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World

CANADA

Struggling for Self-Mastery

Trudeau plots constitutional reform and possibly an election

Among Western democracies, Canada has a unique and slightly embarrassing distinction: it does not have power to amend all of its own constitution. Control over a key section of the country's founding document, the British North America Act of 1867, is still held by the British Parliament in Westminster. Reason: the critical passages refer to the division of powers between the federal government and Canada's ten powerful provinces, which have never been able to agree unanimously on a formula that would remove the last colonial trace from the country's political structure. Last week Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau

changes would work only if Canada continued to be "a genuine federation"—meaning with Quebec as one of its provinces. For Canada's 6 million French-speaking Canadians (out of a 23 million population), Trudeau's key proposal is one to entrench a "charter of basic rights and freedoms" in the constitution. The charter guarantees, among other things, the principle of bilingualism in government services throughout Canada, Trudeau's alternative to separatism as a shelter for the French-speaking minority. On the contentious issue of division of powers, Trudeau wants to start negotiations with the provinces at a constitutional summit

mouse, and I'd say a mouse that hasn't got that much life in it."

Trudeau's real weak spot, should he seek a new mandate this fall, is Canada's economic performance, which lags well behind that of the U.S. One of the prime reasons is Ottawa's past mishandling of policy. The government has been widely criticized for badly overheating the economy, then slapping on wage-and-price controls that are only now being removed. Despite a recent industrial upsurge, the national unemployment rate seems stuck at 8.6% (vs. 6% in the U.S.), while re-kindled inflation hovers around 8%. The Canadian dollar, which lost 13% of its value in a year, is now worth about 89¢ American. To check a further fall in the currency, Ottawa has made use of some \$7 billion worth of credit from U.S. banks and other forms of borrowing, including the government's first foreign-bond issue



Canada's Founding Fathers discuss British North America Act at 1866 conference in London

Some "momentous and considerable" proposals to remove the last colonial trace from the country's political structure.



Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau

moved to overcome the impasse. He presented Canadians with a series of constitutional reform proposals that, if accepted by Parliament and the provinces, would give the country complete self-mastery within three years.

Trudeau's proposals, which he called "quite momentous and quite considerable," were prompted by something more than concern for Canadian autonomy. They were also part of a complicated war of maneuver between Trudeau and Premier René Lévesque of Quebec, who wants independence for his predominantly French-speaking province. Trudeau hopes that the constitutional changes will help take the wind out of separatist sails in Quebec—and incidentally, perhaps, launch his bid for a fourth term as Prime Minister, now an autumn possibility.

In a White Paper setting forth the proposals, the government said that the

meeting in September, with the aim of settling the question by 1981.

The Prime Minister's chosen date for clearing up the constitutional tangle is significant. By then, Lévesque, who was elected in a stunning upset in 1976, will have to ask the voters for a new mandate for his Parti Québécois government. By then also, Lévesque will have asked the voters, in a promised referendum, whether they favor separate status for the province. (If asked directly whether they favor independence, Quebecers are expected to turn down the option decisively.) The combative Lévesque, who considers Canada's 111-year-old confederation to be an "obsolete contraption," has vowed to boycott any talk of constitutional reform while he is in power. In typical form last week, he declared the federal proposals "profoundly inane." Said he: "What we've got is the mountain bringing forth a

in ten years. Domestically, the budget deficit is now a record \$10.2 billion.

Trudeau's ups and downs in the polls made him back away from calling elections this summer; legally, he can wait until next July. The constitutional package, however, may breathe new popularity into Trudeau's ten-year-old government; in that case the September constitutional conference might be an ideal launching pad for a campaign. One of his country's wildest political survivors, Trudeau is aware that the voters have what the Canadian Gallup poll calls a love-hate relationship with him. The pollsters found that 43% of Canadians, for example, disapprove of the way their Prime Minister is doing his job, while only 41% approve. But when asked to choose between him and Joseph Clark, leader of the opposition Tories, Trudeau wins hands down, 40% to 24%.

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Music

Bringing Power to the People

Quick hits of euphoria from the top of the Rockpile

Power pop. You've likely heard about it. You may even have danced to it. Sure bet you'll go for it. The well-groomed stepbrother of punk rock, power pop aims to please, tease and amuse. If punk is rock spoiling for a fight, power pop just means to set loose the good times.

The wittiest, most accomplished purveyors of power pop are Britons Nick Lowe, 29, and Dave Edmunds, 35, both of whom have albums currently in circulation (Lowe's *Pure Pop for Now People*, Edmunds' *Get It*) and have just barnstormed the U.S. together as Nick Lowe and Rockpile. They were the opening act

Lowe sings, "then she became the doggie's dinner." Lowe has also turned out a jumpy, ironic paean to the Bay City Rollers, and one of Edmunds' best numbers, written with Lowe, is an unabashed celebration of healthy hedonism, called *Here Comes the Weekend*.

Lowe has contempt for most of rock's superacts, running from Elton John, Rod Stewart and Grace Slick of Jefferson Starship ("She's like somebody's mom who's had a few too many drinks at a cocktail party") to megagroups like Kansas, Emerson, Lake and Palmer, and Yes ("Impotent music. They've got about as much to



Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds tear loose during a performance in Manhattan

"What we're doing is kids' music, really, just four-four time and good songs."

cross-country for the reigning past master of the rock-'n'-roll fever dream, Elvis Costello, and set him a tough mark to match. Minutes after bounding onstage at Hollywood High in Los Angeles, Lowe and Edmunds had the crowd dancing and cheering "Bitchin'" gushed one high school lad. Said Linda Ronstadt, who crashed the high school party: "That was the best rock 'n' roll I've heard in years. I loved the sense of humor in his music."

Power pop does not mean pap, even though the songs are short, catchy, cunningly melodic, modeled after—and sometimes gently mocking—prime Top 40 material. The lyrics can really sap you with a sudden, gleeful surprise. One of Lowe's best tunes, *Marie Provost*, sounds like an innocuous remembrance of a faded silent-screen star until the first chorus comes up. Then the sweet little ditty becomes a carboic valentine to an actress who died destitute in a cheap hotel and whose pet dachshund dined on her undiscovered remains. "She was a winner."

do with rock 'n' roll as Walter Cronkite"). He is impatient with the power-pop designation. "They say I'm the whiz kid of the three-minute single, but I'm not," he insists. "I've done all that cult-hero stuff. It's just a lot of bearded liberals examining every lick that you do." Adds Edmunds: "Before the New Wave, everybody was taking the music much too seriously. There was no chance for the little guy who buys a guitar and starts a band. What we're doing is kids' music, really, just four-four time and good songs."

Tunes like Lowe's *Music for Money*, *I Love the Sound of Breaking Glass* and the Lowe-Edmunds Little Hitler have a jagged cutting edge, but the melodies slip them straight into the mainstream, where they are anchored by Edmunds' fire-wheel lead guitar, Lowe's bemused vocals and fast-breaking bass ("I'm never gonna win any awards for my playing"). The sound—straight, uncomplicated, meant to give you a quick hit of euphoria—has its roots in the defunct British group Brins-

ley Schwarz. Lowe put in a five-year stint with the Brinsleys, while Edmunds produced some of their songs.

Now Lowe and Edmunds are a little like an informal consortium, switching roles and swapping talents. Lowe produced the most recent Elvis Costello album, and has worked with the galvanic Graham Parker and the Rumour (a group made up of some Brinsley Schwarz refugees). Edmunds temporarily forsook his own production chores to back up Lowe on his tour of the colonies. "I would never go onstage with another lineup," Edmunds says. "I've got the best, and we're just starting out."

While Edmunds divides his time between London and his native Wales, Lowe, a self-described "big drug fan," lives in a two-bedroom London flat that he shares with Manager Jake Riviera, working up new and better versions of elaborate put-ons like originating and recording a "snuff rock" group called Alberto y los Trios Paranoias. "My vision," Lowe says, "is to tease people. I never make a stand, you know, never put my feet down. If I write a love song I'll always make fun of it to my friends. As a matter of fact, I'm sickeningly smug. It keeps me out of trouble."

—Jay Cocks

Classic and Choice

For summer listening

Mozart: Mitridate, Re di Ponto (Sopranos Arleen Auger, Ileana Cotrubas and Edith Gruberova, Mezzo Agnes Baltsa, Tenor Werner Hollweg, Movarteum Orchestra, Salzburg, Leopold Hager, conductor; Deutsche Grammophon; 4 LPs); **La Clemenza di Tito** (Mezzos Janet Baker and Yvonne Minton, Tenor Stuart Burrows, Chorus and Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Colin Davis, conductor; Philips; 3 LPs). Mozart composed *Mitridate* when he was only 14; *La Clemenza* came just before he died at 35. Both works are all but forgotten. They are *opera seria*, the early style of Italian opera that can present obstacles for the modern listener: dry recitatives, stiff action, mezzos singing male roles. But there is splendid music here, and even some good drama. Arleen Auger pours out brilliant coloratura cascades in *Mitridate* as the old King's fiancée; Baltsa stands out as Farnace, Mitridate's arrogant son. In *La Clemenza*, Baker's unique timbre and intensity fire the role of the vindictive Princess Vitellia, and Burrows is appropriately regal as the forgiving Emperor. These are definitely collector's items.

Chopin: Chopin (Pianist Vladimir Horowitz; RCA); **Concert Favorites** (Pianist Vladimir Horowitz; RCA). Released for Horowitz's

Music

golden jubilee year, both records are selections from mono collections compiled over three decades. Chopin's demanding B-flat-minor sonata, a Horowitz signature, is here. The *Favorite* album shows Horowitz's quieter side, with such masterly but unpretentious works as Scarlatti's *Sonata in E-Major* and Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses*. Even without stereo tracking, the playing here is what Horowitz fans expect: the best.

Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 "From the New World" (Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Carlo Maria Giulini; conductor Deutsche Grammophon). In the case of the "New World" *Symphony*, familiarity has bred lack of imagination: conductors tend to blast through the great crescendos and wallow in the well-known themes. Not Giulini, however, whose byword is subtlety. The Chicago's famous brass is brilliant, not blaring, and Giulini achieves unexpected nuances of color and vol-



ume. Those who prefer their "New World" brooding and Slavic should stick with Stokowski's various recordings, but those with an ear for freshness will like this interpretation.

Charpentier: Te Deum, Magnificat (King's College Choir, Cambridge; Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; Philip Ledger, conductor; Angel). Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1634-1704) wrote brilliant religious music for Louis XIV that is seldom heard today. This recording celebrates Charpentier's majestic trumpet flourishes and garlands of intertwined, polyphonic passages. The resplendent voices of the King's Choir—recorded in the King's College 500-year-old chapel, with its perfect acoustics—would have pleased the Sun King.

Sessions: When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd (Soprano Esther Hinds; Mezzo Florence Quivar; Baritone Dominic Cossa; Tanglewood Festival Chorus and the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Seiji Ozawa, conductor; New World Records). It takes strong music to match the passion of Walt Whitman's elegy for the murdered Lincoln. In Roger Sessions' contemporary

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Music

cantata—set to Whitman's verse and recorded here for the first time—the sense of foreboding and despair is relentless. Whitman's extended lines sweep over the dense, driving texture of polyphonic clashes and percussive explosions like a meteor against an ominous sky.

Mozart: The Piano Quartets (Pianist Arthur Rubinstein, members of the Guarneri Quartet; RCA) While much of Mozart's chamber music celebrates the joys of life, his two works for piano and ensemble are more troubled. Rubinstein softens the solemn mood with dramatic piano work and



sweet, gentle moments here and there, and the Guarneri Quartet adds a special glow in its playing.

Vaughan Williams: Concerto for Bass Tuba and Orchestra, The Lark Ascending, Concerto for Oboe and String Orchestra (Tuba Player Arnold Jacobs, Chicago Symphony Orchestra and English Chamber Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim, conductor, Deutsche Grammophon). In this collection of Vaughan Williams' more intimate music, the tuba—rarely allowed the limelight—struts gaily through its concerto like a fat man at the circus. *The Lark Ascending* is Vaughan Williams' haunting tribute to the violin, one of his favorite instruments. Barenboim conducts with a flourish that is matched by the instrumentalists.

Beethoven: "Diabelli" Variations (Pianist Alfred Brendel; Philips); **Liszt: Variations on "Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen," Pensées des Morts, Fantasy and Fugue on B-A-C-H, Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude** (Pianist Alfred Brendel; Philips) Brendel is an intellectual pianist who often seems ill at ease with tender or tempestuous music. But he excels in less emotional works, such as Beethoven's witty variations on one C-major sequence, which skip from light triplets to solemn versions in the minor key. Brendel handles them with wry humor and a slightly detached air. He winds up with the best "Diabelli" on disc. The Liszt works again show Brendel's introverted temperament to advantage. The *Bénédiction*, in particular, is serene and lyrical.

Annalyn Swan

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Economy & Business

A Long Way from Waterloo

Despite a minor victory, the inflation war has just begun

It was a famous victory, the Carter Administration claimed last week. In point of fact, however, the price-setting action taken by Bethlehem Steel Corp., while encouraging, fell a good deal short of winning the Battle of Waterloo against inflation. Indeed, the very fact that the Administration singled out the incident for so much praise showed how long and difficult the campaign against inflation will be before the tide is turned.

After nearly a month of Administration prodding and pleading, Bethlehem, the nation's second largest steel-maker, announced that it would scale back an anticipated 7% price increase set for July to a flat 3%. Moreover, the company pledged to forgo any additional price hikes this year if the President's anti-inflation strategy of voluntary cooperation from industry and labor begins to slow the alarming spiral in the cost of living.

Bethlehem's promise, however conditional, was welcome news for Robert Strauss, the White House's chief jawboner. For the past two months, Strauss has been struggling to get industry to support the President's inflation program, which calls not only for executives to hold their own pay raises this year to less than 5% but also for companies to keep their 1978 price increases below the average of the past two years. A scattering of the nation's largest companies have agreed to cooperate on the question of executive salary increases, but until Bethlehem, only a few, such as Kaiser Aluminum and Ford Motor Co., have actually put a lid on prices as well.

Though Strauss promptly hailed Bethlehem's action as a "major breakthrough" and an example of "good corporate citizenship," its effect on inflation is likely to be largely symbolic. For one thing, the projected 3% increase comes on top of an April increase of 1.1% to offset the cost of the coal-strike settlement, and an earlier, 5.5% rise in February. Even if the company abides by its pledge, its 1978 price increases will still total more than the industry's 8.5% average in both 1976 and 1977. Meanwhile, the nation's three other largest steelmakers—U.S. Steel, Republic and National—last week wasted no time in trotting out follow-the-leader price increases of their own, and none saw

fit to promise anything at all about additional rises later this year.

Clearly, the struggle against inflation is only beginning. The Administration has long since dumped its January forecast of a 1978 inflation rate of about 6%, and last week Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal conceded that the figure would probably wind up being closer to 7% at year's end. What is more, Charles Schultze, Carter's chief economic adviser, told a Paris press conference that the next twelve to 24 months will be decisive. If in-

only now beginning to coordinate its anti-inflation program, is tardily trying to cut back on spending. Having called in January for a \$25 billion tax cut and a budget with \$60.6 billion in deficit spending for fiscal 1979, Carter would like to see the red ink reduced to no more than \$50 billion, and he is not opposing congressional efforts to slash the size of the tax cut to about \$15 billion. Both steps should have been taken months ago, if not earlier. But making substantial cuts in the 1979 budget may prove to be next to im-

possible to do since Congress has already approved its basic outlines and has only three months left before it must, by law, send the final document to the White House. Meanwhile, Congress has added some \$4 billion in new spending of its own to the budget. The addition would start funding water projects costing \$1.4 billion that have already been approved by the House, although Carter has vowed to veto them.

The biggest and most crucial fight of all will be on the labor front. The Administration hopes to persuade unions to begin accepting wage settlements smaller than the 8.5% or more in annual increases they have become accustomed to during the past two years. So long as wages, which now account for some 70% of business overhead, continue rising at that rate, businessmen will continue to expect inflation to grow and will remain wary of pledging to hold down prices.

Many of the nation's big wage contracts will not expire until next year, but the outcome of talks now under way with the 450,000 railroad workers and the 560,000 employees of the Postal Service are being closely watched by union leaders as indicators of future trends. The Administration is optimistic that the postal workers, whose talks enter the hard-bargaining phase this week, will cooperate. The outcome of the railroad workers' negotiations is less certain. Their contract expired at the end of last year, and Bosworth fears that the new package might well reach 30% or so in increases over the next three years. If that happens, even companies like Bethlehem Steel would have a bona fide excuse to start raising their prices all over again. ■



Jawboners Bosworth and Strauss praising Bethlehem Steel

A famous triumph—followed by a new recession in six months?

flation is not brought under control in that time, he said, "one must take very seriously" the dangers of a recession. In a speech to the Air Line Pilots Association, Barry Bosworth, director of the White House Council on Wage and Price Stability (COWPS), was gloomier still. Said he: "I give the economy no more than six months. If we don't do something this year on inflation, we're going back into a recession." That could come about if the Federal Reserve were forced to continue pushing up interest rates to keep inflation from soaring out of control. Rising interest rates tend to cut back business activity. (Last week a number of major banks raised the rate they charge their best corporate customers from 8.5% to 8.75%, the highest since February 1975.)

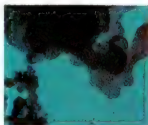
In addition to jawboning business and industry executives, the Administration,

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Economy & Business

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Thought for Food

We are entering a resource-oriented era, in which the companies that control resources, or have the capital and technology to develop them, will prosper. Similarly, the nations that possess those resources will dominate—economically and politically.

Some OPEC countries have already made this formula work with their oil. But the U.S. is by far the largest producer of the other most needed resource: food. Clearly, it must use its farm resources both to finance its oil imports and to help feed a hungry world.

Amid the soybean and corn fields of Minnesota, an intellectual businessman (*magna cum laude*, Amherst '51) is pondering how the U.S. can do well by doing good with its agricultural technology. Thomas Wyman is the 6-ft. 3-in. president of Green Giant Co., and since he took over in 1975, he has aimed at revitalizing that famous but slow growing processor of vegetables; this year its sales will approach \$500 million. An outspoken executive, he often rebukes business for high-polluting plants, unsafe products, underfunded pensions, and overseas bribes. Despite such visible failings, he argues, there is far more talent in business than in politics, and therefore business should do much to solve global problems, including malnutrition. This is both the right and the smart thing to do, he reasons, and business should be willing to accept less than its usual profit, since Third World pressures will disrupt Western economies if hunger continues.

Wyman is troubled because nobody is pondering a strategy for food, a means to send America's agricultural resources and technology to the world's hungry peoples in exchange for at least a modest profit. Nobody is bringing together America's farmers, processors, agronomists, international distributors, and producers of fertilizers, pesticides and machinery. The first step, he says, is for these many forces to join "to figure out ways to distribute nourishment in the world. How do you feed 30, 40 or 50 million people in the Third World so that they can live beyond an average age of, say, 45?"

Production is no problem. The U.S. could raise its food output by 30% or 40% within the next decade, Wyman estimates—if it had a market that would pay. The hang-up is that "getting the food from here to places like India is all out of proportion to the payoff. But the U.S. Government could offer some incentives so that business would find it profitable."

His highest hopes are for public-private linkups between U.S. producers and those developing countries that have the potential to raise more food. Such countries could form joint ventures with consortiums of American companies, which would provide materials and experts.

One model could be the Sudan, which has the rich soil and abundant water to become the breadbasket for all Africa. In partnership with Khartoum, American growers, packers and technicians could teach Sudanese farmers, set up irrigation and distribution networks, and build processing plants. After some initial U.S. and local government subsidies or guarantees the ventures would pay for themselves through exports. Says Wyman: "Neither the developing countries nor we want the U.S. to feed the world. The economics of that are not as interesting as having the world feed itself."

More modest joint ventures are already blooming in developed countries. For example, Europeans raise corn, but only as feed for livestock. Wyman's market researchers tested sweet corn on Europeans—and discovered that they love it every bit as much as people in Peoria do. So Green Giant joined with a cooperative of 7,000 farmers in the South of France to raise and process the stuff. This year the combine will sell almost 1 million cases of *Géant Vert* corn throughout Europe.

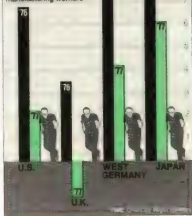
Sure, growing and selling in Europe is considerably easier than in the Third World. But there are those who say that if an American company can induce farmers in France to grow Yankee corn, it can jolly well do anything.



Green Giant's Tom Wyman

PRODUCTIVITY PLUNGE

Annual rate of change from previous year in output per hour of manufacturing workers



Vanishing Vigor

Worker output slackens around the world

Since productivity is a key indicator of a nation's economic vigor, the figures issued last week by the Labor Department made sober reading. According to the study, 25 of 66 major industrial groups showed outright declines in the hourly output of their workers in 1977. As a whole, the rate of rise in productivity in the manufacturing sector slowed markedly last year to only 2.2%, vs. 6.8% in 1976. The biggest drops were in clay-working (down 7.4%), grain-milling (7.1%) and footwear (4.3%) industries. Productivity in the coal industry fell by 1.2%.

The department's figures for the first quarter of this year were even worse. Due to the blizzards, manufacturing productivity showed a 3.3% decline. The rate may recover, but 1978 results are likely to be slightly lower than last year.

Economists largely blamed the poor American showing on three factors: lagging outlays in research and development, which have slowed the rate of labor-saving innovation in U.S. industry; a paucity of capital investment necessary for the purchase of more productive machines; and the upsurge in costly federal environmental and safety regulations, which often handicap plant efficiency.

The disappointing U.S. figures are part of an international economic trend that marks the close of the recovery from the 1974-75 recession. Throughout most of Western Europe, productivity increased last year at a slower rate than in 1976. And even the Japanese, whose productivity growth has sometimes been sensational, had to settle last year for an advance of only 6.1%.



Economy & Business



Chrysler subcompact yawing off the road in Consumers Union test



Same car flawlessly negotiating slalom run in company trial

Storm over the Omni-Horizon

"Car of the year" or too hard for most drivers to handle?

Chrysler Corp. Chairman John Riccardi boasts that 25 years from now, when automen look back on 1978, they will remember it as the year in which his company introduced the Dodge Omni and Plymouth Horizon. The cars (or car—they are identical except for trim) are the first subcompacts to be made in the U.S. with front-wheel drive, and are supposedly the forerunners of a new generation of gas-sipping little autos that are surprisingly roomy inside and handle well. Early results seemed to justify Chrysler's optimism. *Motor Trend*, a magazine for auto buffs, named the Omni-Horizon "car of the year," and since it went into showrooms in January, dealers have sold more than 91,000 (at roughly \$4,000 each), equal to almost 18% of Chrysler's total auto sales.

But last week Omni-Horizon faced some of the most serious safety charges ever hurled at an American car. Consumers Union, the influential nonprofit, product-testing group, announced that four Omni-Horizons it examined had failed two tests for stability and handling at expressway speeds (about 50 m.p.h.). The organization produced a 43-second film, rerun on several TV news programs, showing the Omni-Horizon careening terrifyingly. Consumers Union's conclusion: the average person might not have the skill to handle the car in a driving emergency. In the July issue of its magazine, *Consumer Reports*, C.U. will rate the car "not acceptable"—a judgment it has not pronounced on any other auto since the American Motors Ambassador in 1968.

In the first C.U. test, the driver suddenly tugs at the steering wheel, then lets it go while keeping the gas pedal down. The wheel, says C.U., is supposed to spin back quickly to its original position—but in the Omni-Horizon, wheel and car swung violently from side to side. Chrysler's manager of automotive safety relations, Christopher Kennedy, says that

Chrysler itself performed this test on Omni-Horizon with inconclusive results: "Some do, some don't" perform the same way as the cars that Consumers Union examined. But, says Chrysler's chief engineer, Sidney Jeffe, the test has no "validity in the real world of driving": a motorist who actually had to swerve suddenly at high speed would let up on the gas pedal, and moreover would certainly hang on to the wheel. Consumers Union concedes that point, but says the way an auto behaves in the trial "can point to problems in the car's basic design"—if confirmed by further tests.

Which makes the second test the crucial one. In it, a driver tries to swing a car around an obstacle, then pull back into lane—supposedly simulating the maneuvers a motorist would have to make to avoid a child suddenly darting into the road, say, or an object falling off a truck. When C.U. drivers tried it, the car fished tailend alarmingly and failed to recover. When Chrysler re-created the test for an audience of reporters at its proving grounds in Chelsea, Mich., the company's driver threaded the car flawlessly through a slalom course around pylons.

Chrysler ordered a canvass of its zone managers, service managers and dealers around the country. The results, says Jeffe, "Absolutely zilch. Not a single complaint from a customer about the handling of the car." *Motor Trend* Executive Editor Chuck Nerpel said that in tests run by his magazine, Omni-Horizon stood out as "an agile car." Consumers' Research, a rival of Consumers Union, tested the Omni-Horizon under normal road conditions, rather than on a special track; it passed.

The argument goes now to the Government's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, which was surprised to get the Consumers Union findings; it had received no previous com-

plaints about the Omni-Horizon. Deputy Administrator Howard Dugoff says NHTSA "cannot yet explain" how Consumers Union and Chrysler got such diametrically opposed results on the critical second test. Determining whether the first let-go-of-the-wheel test has any real relation to the auto's performance, says Dugoff, "will be tough—we will have to do some rather extensive analysis." Should Omni-Horizon fail NHTSA tests, the agency could order Chrysler to recall all autos sold in order to correct the trouble. And if, as Consumers Union suspects, the flaw is "an inherent design defect," the agency could require redesign and replacement of the whole steering system.

The publicity hits Chrysler at a time when it is peculiarly vulnerable. The company lost \$120 million in this year's first quarter, and expects at best to break even for the rest of the year. Its share of the market for U.S.-made cars is down to about 13%, vs. a recent high of 16.2% in 1974. It has been counting on the Omni-Horizon to increase its market share, haul it into the black and help persuade investors and lenders to put up the \$7.5 billion that it must spend over the next five years to bring out new cars and modernize its factories. Chrysler says a \$150 million preferred-stock and warrant issue, due to go on sale this week, is oversubscribed.

GM and Ford also have an interest in the uproar. If Omni-Horizon sales should be flattened by the C.U. warning, it would not be a good omen for the front-wheel-drive cars that they are preparing to bring out over the next two years. Americans already are buying hundreds of thousands of front-wheel-drive cars imported from abroad, including Volkswagen's Rabbit, Honda's Civic and the Ford Fiesta. Consumers Union found no fault with these cars, which it says passed the same tests that the Omni-Horizon flunked. Nor did Consumers Union express any doubts about the concept of front-wheel drive; indeed, it said a properly designed front-wheel-drive car can handle better than a conventional one on snowy or icy roads. C.U.'s fire was concentrated entirely on the Omni-Horizon. ■

From Go-Go to Go-Slow

Japan prepares for a new era of diminished expectations

After a long, dark stretch of lagging growth and raging prices, the flabled Japanese economy is at last on the road to recovery. Production, discounted for inflation, rose 2.4% in the first quarter, or at an annual rate of 9.8%. That pace is expected to slow considerably later in the year. Still, Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda now insists that the government's ambitious 7% growth goal for this year "appears within reach." At the same time, the rate of inflation has fallen from a 1974 high of 21% to a manageable 4%. Yet simultaneously, there is a slowly dawning consensus among Japanese leaders and businessmen that the good old days of whiz-bang, export-led growth are numbered. Indeed, go-for-broke Japan is now retrenching for a new era of go-slow growth, in which gross national product is expected to expand at about half of its former clip of 10% to 12%.

A prime reason for Japan's diminishing expectations is the increasing annoyance of the U.S. and Europe with the country's policy of saturating world markets with its goods, while tightly controlling access to its home market—the third largest after the U.S. and the Soviet Union. The result: Japan piled up a trade surplus of \$17.3 billion last year, \$8.1 billion of it with the U.S. alone.

Fearing a protectionist backlash, and pressured by the U.S., the Japanese government in April issued an "administrative guidance" calling on producers of steel, TVs, autos, watches and cameras to try to hold exports to or below 1977 levels. So far, the plan has not been working. Exports to the American market

alone jumped by 35% in May. Japan's Economic Planning Agency conceded that the nation will ship out \$23 billion more in goods than it will bring in this year, and in the process pile up a whopping \$9.5 billion surplus with the U.S.

As a small step toward increasing its imports, Japan has recently lowered tariffs on some 124 items, worth about \$2 billion. But about a third of the reduction was on shrimp, which the U.S. does not ship to Japan. Tariff cuts on other items were also slight; the duty on computers was dropped from 13.5% to 10.5%, on color film from 16% to 11% and on tires from 10% to 8%.

Most infuriating for foreign sellers are Japan's myriad nontariff, nonquota trade barriers, many of which remain firmly in place. One of the most effective hurdles is Japan's all but impenetrable, multi-layered distribution system, largely controlled by the giant trading houses. After the many middlemen take their cuts, the price of a U.S.-made refrigerator passing through the distribution network can cost the consumer up to \$1,000. Government "testing" of imported autos has also been a sore point for U.S. and European carmakers, mainly because Japanese standards are often set capriciously. Says U.S. Trade Representative Alan Wolf: "As soon as we solve one of these standards problems, another one comes up."

As the U.S. has long argued, the surest way for Japan to reduce its trade surplus is to step up the expansion of its domestic economy. That would increase demand for imports as well as for domestic goods that might otherwise be exported. To this end, Prime Minister Fukuda has pledged his government to a huge deficit-spending program, which includes \$22 billion for improving Japan's long neglected highways, bridges and pollution controls. Another \$10.5 billion is being spent for 550,000 sorely needed new housing units. As a consequence, consumer spending is reviving, the once mountainous backlog of inventories is fast

being depleted, and the stage is set for a reasonably strong recovery.

But not too strong, agree the government, business and even labor. The developing feeling in Japan that the economy must be restructured to grow more slowly is based on other factors besides the fear that a huge trade surplus would ultimately raise high the walls of protectionism abroad. The increasing value of the yen automatically increases the prices of Japanese goods overseas, inevitably hurting an economy based so heavily on trade. In addition, Japan's shipbuilding yards and textile mills are meeting tough competition from spanking new facilities in low-paying, less developed nations such as Brazil and South Korea. Small- and medium-size general merchandise producers of toys, hardware and household goods are losing markets to rivals in Taiwan and Hong Kong. Profits are meager for many companies, and 18,000 firms went bankrupt last year.

Many key industries are now hunkering down for a long period of only modest growth. Toyota Motor Co., which expects to sell 550,000 vehicles in the U.S. this year, vs. 561,000 in 1977, recently announced a scenario for the future that includes plans for eventually reducing its present capacity by 30%. Some firms, like the Tokyo Juki Co., a medium-size machinery maker, have put a freeze on wage boosts.

Even so, American policymakers are under no illusion that Japan will be able to transform its system drastically at any time soon. Says Wolf: "In ten years, there may be a substantial change in the Japanese role in the world. But whether we will make it through that far without a good deal more irritation on both sides remains to be seen."

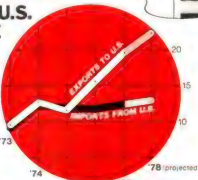
Calisthenics break at Nikon camera factory



Smokestacks frame Buddha in Nagoya



JAPAN-U.S. TRADE GAP
in billions of dollars



LINE CHART BY NIKKI HOLLAND

COVER STORY

Comes the Revolution

Joining the game at last, women are transforming American athletics

Steve Sweeney paces the sideline, shoulders hunched against the elements. A steady downpour has turned an Atlanta soccer field into a grassy bog. A few yards away, his team of eight- and nine-year-olds, sporting regulation shirts and shorts, churns after the skittering ball. One minute, all is professional intensity as the players struggle to start a play. The next, there is childhood glee in splashing through a huge puddle that has formed in front of one goal. Sweeney squints at his charges and shouts, "Girls, you gotta pass! *Come on, Heather!*"

At eight, Kim Edwards is in the incubator of the national pastime—tee-ball. There are no pitchers in this pre-Little League league. The ball is placed on a waist-high, adjustable tee, and for five innings the kids whack away. Kim is one of the hottest tee-ball players in Dayton and a fanatical follower of the Cincinnati Reds. Her position is second base. She pulls a Reds cap down over her hair, punches her glove, drops her red-jacketed arms down to rest on red pants, and waits for the action. Kim has but a single ambition: to play for her beloved Reds. When a male onlooker points out that no woman has ever played big league baseball, Kim's face, a mass of strawberry freckles, is a study in defiant dismissal: "So?"

The raw wind of a late-spring chill bites through Philadelphia's Franklin Field, but it cannot dull the excitement of the moment. For the first time in the 84-year history of the Penn Relays, the world's largest and oldest meet of its kind, an afternoon of women's track and field competition is scheduled. The infield shimmers with color, a kaleidoscope of uniforms and warmup suits. One thousand college and high school athletes jog slowly back and forth, stretch and massage tight muscles, crouch in imaginary starting blocks, huddle with coaches for last-minute strategy sessions, or loll on the synthetic green turf, sipping cocoa and waiting. Susan White, a 19-year-old hurdler from the University of Maryland, surveys the scene. There is a trace of awe in her voice: "When I was in high school, I never dreamed of competing in a national meet. People are finally accepting us as athletes."

Golfer Carol Mann is chatting with friends outside the clubhouse when a twelve-year-old girl walks up, politely clears her throat and asks for an autograph. Mann bends down—it's a long way from 6-ft. 3-in. Mann to fan—and talks softly as she writes. After several moments, the girl returns, wide-eyed, to waiting parents. Mann straightens and smiles. "Five years ago, little girls never walked up to tell me that they wanted to be a professional golfer. Now it happens all the time. Things are changing, things are changing."

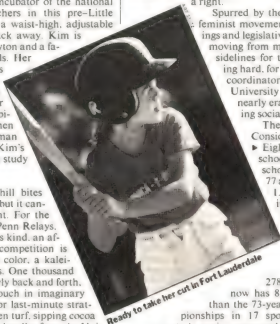
They are indeed. On athletic fields and playgrounds and in parks and gymnasiums across the country, a new player has joined the grand game that is sporting competition, and she's a girl. As the long summer begins, not only is she learning to hit a two-fisted backhand like Chris Evert's and turn a back flip

like Olga Korbut's, she is also learning to jam a hitter with a fast-ball. Season by season, whether aged six, 60 or beyond, she is running, jumping, hitting and throwing as U.S. women have never done before. She is trying everything from jogging to ice hockey, lacrosse and rugby, and in the process acquiring a new sense of self, and of self-confidence in her physical abilities and her potential. She is leading a revolution that is one of the most exciting and one of the most important in the history of sport. Says Joan Warrington, executive secretary of the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women: "Women no longer feel that taking part in athletics is a privilege. They believe it is a right."

Spurred by the fitness craze, fired up by the feminist movement and buttressed by court rulings and legislative mandates, women have been moving from miniskirted cheerleading on the sidelines for the boys to playing, and playing hard, for themselves. Says Liz Murphey, coordinator of women's athletics at the University of Georgia: "The stigma is nearly erased. Sweating girls are becoming socially acceptable."

They have come a long, long way. Consider:

- ▶ Eight years ago, 294,000 high school girls participated in interscholastic sports. During the 1976-77 academic year, the number was 1.6 million, nearly a sixfold increase.
 - ▶ The Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women, the counterpart to the males' National Collegiate Athletic Association, was formed in 1971-72 with 278 member schools. The A.I.A.W. now has 825 active members, 115 more than the 73-year-old N.C.A.A. National championships in 17 sports are contested under the A.I.A.W.'s aegis, compared with seven in 1972-73. The A.I.A.W. estimates that more than 100,000 women now take part in intercollegiate sports, compared with 170,000 men.
 - ▶ Since 1973, the first year the A.I.A.W. allowed athletic scholarships, the number of such grants has soared annually. Last year an estimated 10,000 girls from about 460 schools received scholarships worth upwards of \$7 million.
 - ▶ In 1972, the first all-women marathon in New York's Central Park drew 78 entries. Last month 4,360 competitors entered the 6.2-mile (10,000 meters) race.
 - ▶ One of the world's largest manufacturers of athletic shoes, Adidas, reports a one-year sales increase of 63% in its women's shoes. Sales in equipment especially designed for women have soared as females are finally getting gear that fits, from catcher's masks to hockey skates.
- Such statistics are impressive, but they merely reinforce the most significant aspect of the explosive growth of women's sport: the new, refreshingly unapologetic pride of the female athlete. Atlanta's Carolyn Lucsing, 36 and the mother of two, has been running seriously since 1973, and the sport has become an indispensable part of her life. "I have this compulsion to see what





luctant athletic directors and league organizers into letting girls join boys' teams if there were no similar teams set up for the girls.

Only a tiny minority of girls appear to want to play contact sports against boys. But there is no doubt that the girls want and indeed are insisting upon a fair chance to develop their athletic abilities. Their cause is being substantially helped, albeit unevenly so far, by a section of the Education Amendments Act passed by Congress in 1972: the passage known as Title IX. In essence, Title IX forbids sex discrimination in any educational institution receiving federal funds. The prohibition applies on the athletic fields as well as in classrooms. To enforce Title IX, Congress gave the Department of Health, Education and Welfare an enormous weapon: the right to deny federal funds to any institution that does not measure up. Almost all of the nation's colleges and public schools get federal money of some kind—approximately \$12.2 billion in all.

Colorado U. rugby club (in blue) playing Boulder Team

Yale's crew straining hard in practice

my potential is. I don't do it for anyone else. I do it for myself." Luesing will never make the Olympics, but her feelings, and those of thousands like her, parallel the thoughts of someone who has. Kate Schmidt, 24, who took a bronze medal in the javelin in Montreal. Says she: "I love to see myself getting strong, being competent and taking care of myself. That's probably the most motivating part of being an athlete."

Sport has always been one of the primary means of civilizing the human animal, of inculcating the character traits a society desires. Wellington in his famous aphorism insisted that the Battle of Waterloo had been won on the playing fields of Eton. The lessons learned on the playing field are among the most basic: the setting of goals and joining with others to achieve them, an understanding of and respect for rules, the persistence to hone ability into skill, prowess into perfection. In games, children learn that success is possible and that failure can be overcome. Championships may be won, when lost, wait till next year. In practicing such skills as fielding a grounder and hitting a tennis ball, young athletes develop work patterns and attitudes that carry over into college, the marketplace and all of life.

Yet in America's past this opportunity has been largely limited to males. After a brief period of grace, when she would be called a tomboy and allowed to play second base, a girl has traditionally been subjected to heavy social pressure to withdraw from athletics. "Sports was the laboratory where they turned boys into men," says Penn State Psychologist Dr. Dorothy Harris. "As for girls, they were supposed to stand out in the hall, quaking in their tennis shoes. The penalty for daring to take part was to be labeled unfeminine, a social deviant. What is considered healthy psychological development in a man—aggressiveness, independence, ambition, courage, competitiveness—was viewed as unhealthy in a woman. Yet it is precisely those qualities that are found in every athlete, male or female. Whatever it is that works for little boys also works for little girls."

The crusade for women's sport has been helped by a number of court cases, scattered across the country, that have prodded re-





Third Baseman Denise Grove playing softball in Omaha



for the colleges, \$4.9 billion for the public schools.

How much of those sums could be penalized remains under dispute, but HEW clearly had the clout to change what was happening on the fields of the nation very quickly indeed. Instead, the department has been acting with more caution than deliberate speed. What constitutes a discrimination-free athletic program turned out to be difficult to define. Title IX raised the hackles of male athletic directors and many of their Congressmen. The fear of the N.C.A.A., which has fought Title IX from the beginning, is that the Government would destroy the men's athletic programs, while trying to build up the women's. The argument, it would be financially impossible for any university to create a program for women as elaborate as the two big moneymaking ones, football and basketball. These programs can be immensely expensive. The University of Michigan, for example, spends \$800,000 a year on its football team—and grosses \$4 million, including \$500,000 in gifts from well-wishers. The funds help subsidize the school's other athletic programs. Conversely, if football and basketball were cut down to approximate women's sports in size, the entire system would collapse. The N.C.A.A. warns that Title IX "may well signal the end of intercollegiate athletics as we know them."

Edging into this minefield, HEW took until 1975 to publish a set of regulations to govern application of Title IX. The provisions stopped far short of requiring a school to set up an equivalent women's team for every male one; but if a school had only one team in a non-contact sport, like golf or tennis, wom-



Sport

Left: Janet Witherspoon soaring at Penn Relays



Deborah Butterfield running in the Boston Marathon
Left: Penn State (blue) dueling Maryland in lacrosse

TIME/JUNE 26, 1978

en had a right to try out for it. Schools did not have to let females take part in such contact sports as football, basketball, ice hockey and rugby. When it came down to the key question of money, the regulations were vague; they allowed more money to be spent for a male team than a female one, but demanded that "the patterns of expenditures should not result in a disparate effect on opportunity."

The regulations are not due to go into effect for colleges or universities until July 21, and with the deadline drawing near, HEW Secretary Joseph Califano has asked his aides to review the whole matter again. The net result: HEW so far has not denied a penny of federal funds to any high school or college for discriminating against women in athletics, and Hester Lewis, a Title IX attorney in HEW's Office of Civil Rights, admits "I would say that practically no college or university will be in compliance [with Title IX] by July 21."

Even so, the inevitability of Title IX has forced schools to upgrade their programs for girls, and fast. Says Margot Polivy, the attorney for the A.A.U.W.: "In 1972, before Title IX, women's intercollegiate sports had 1% of the budget of the men's. I would judge today that women's programs—the best of them—are running between 15% and 18% of the men's programs on money. And on the average, women's programs are running about 10%. Colleges are just now starting to feel the impact of what's been happening on the elementary and secondary level. I would expect that participation rate to rise."

At the elementary and secondary level, HEW has had some limited success. The regulations for high schools went into effect in July 1976, so far a score of programs have been altered as the result of the Government's intercession. One example: Oak Ridge, Tenn., where the school district was threatened with the loss of \$750,000 in federal funds unless the girls' athletic program was upgraded. On their own, however, thousands of schools have improved their programs.

On the intercollegiate level, HEW has preferred to encourage rather than intervene. Prodded by three formal complaints by women students and their parents, the University of Michigan, which perennially runs one of the most successful men's athletic programs in the nation, has made considerable progress toward equality. In 1973 the school had only informal competition for women; now, just five years later, it has ten varsity teams, to the men's eleven. Next year Michigan will award the equivalent of 30 scholarships at a cost of \$100,000, compared with the 190 at over \$700,000 that will go to the men. One hotly debated issue: Should the women athletes be allowed to win the famous block M varsity letter so revered by the men? Football Coach Bo Schembechler and Basketball Coach Johnny Orr protested vigorously that they should not, but the women got the Michigan M.

Women may have won that symbolic fight at Michigan, however, at



Six- and seven-year-old girls growing up with soccer on Long Island

Sport

all too many schools they are still slighted, still second-class citizens. At the urging of HEW, for instance, the University of Georgia has started to make amends for a program that spent about \$1,000 on women's athletics in 1973. The figure is now up to \$120,000 (vs. the men's \$2.5 million), but the indignities remain. Item: male golfers receive an unlimited supply of balls, while the women are given one per competitive round. Says Liz Murphy: "Sometimes the guys give the girls some just to be nice. Things are looking better, but it's very slow."

Springfield (Mass.) College, a school that has specialized in training coaches and physical education instructors since 1885, has long had a substantial program for women. Yet even there the men's swimming team has access to the pool for three hours each day, the women are allowed into the water for only one. So Deborah Kinney, a seven-time All-American distance swimmer, goes to the pool at 6 a.m. for an extra workout before beginning her day's studies. Says she: "An hour of practice isn't much use to a long-distance swimmer."

Whether fearing HEW or determined to right a wrong, schools across the nation are making substantial strides. At North Carolina State, the budget for women has risen from \$20,000 to \$300,000 in four years, and scholarships have increased from none to 49, including twelve for basketball, a fervent sport in the area. (Comparable figures for the men: a total budget of about \$2 million, 180 scholarships for all sports.) U.C.L.A., long a leader in men's sports, is now winning women's championships. Next year U.C.L.A.'s women's budget will be \$527,000 (vs. \$3.7 million for the men). The Bruins' investment in women athletics is shrewdly placed. Women's basketball at U.C.L.A.—with a national championship team led by Ann Meyers—plays to crowds of three and four thousand, and gate receipts more than offset expenses. The pragmatic Meyers notes that national television coverage of their A.I.A.W. championship game last March well served the cause of women's sports. Says she: "What's important to U.C.L.A. is that it is getting coverage, regardless of whether it's men or women."

Like the men, the captains of Yale's varsity women's sports now pose for the traditional photograph perched on a section of fence salvaged from the Old Campus. Yale's athletic budget for women is more than \$600,000, one of the largest in the nation. About

40% of the university's students are women, and they get some 30% of the funds. Yale's 19 men's teams have fallen on hard times recently; just eight teams had winning seasons this year. But Yale's sportswomen are doing splendidly: twelve of the 14 varsity teams had winning seasons. Success in sports has created confidence in Yale's women athletes. Says Senior Abbe Smith: "Athletics are really important for women at Yale. It's hard enough just being at a traditional male school, competing with men in the sciences and other areas that have traditionally dissuaded women from participating. Athletics is tied in. It has to do with self-esteem."

For all the hue and cry and hopes surrounding Title IX, the future of women in sport will be shaped not by regulations but by what is happening every day on fields and gym floors, where women and girls of all ages are discovering the joys of competition.

For every recalcitrant administrator, there are thousands of women like Connecticut Housewife Carolyn Bravakis—women discovering that, years after organized athletics have failed them, the world of sport can still be theirs. Until 1975, Bravakis' closest encounter with athletics was leading cheers for the high school football team. "All my life, I never did anything," she says. "The only time I went outside was to hang wash." Then her brother organized a local 10,000-meter road race, and she decided to enter. When she managed to complete only half of the course, recalls Bravakis, "I was so disgusted with myself that I started running seriously."

One year later, she had worked up to 50 miles a week and entered her first Boston Marathon, finishing 29th among women runners. This year, she was 12th, breaking the esteemed 3-hr. barrier with a time of 2 hr., 54 min. for the 26.2-mile marathon distance. (In all, some 200 women completed the course.) The loneliness—and the hardship—of the long-distance runner leave her unfazed: "I have more self-confidence, more energy than I had before. And when I run in the rain, I feel about six years old."

Sport is also fun for Yvette Lewis, 15, but it serves another purpose. She hopes that basketball will be her ticket out of the ghetto, a time-honored route for males. Yvette is already getting letters from college coaches congratulating her on a dazzling sophomore season at Los Angeles' all-black Fremont High School. Softly, she speaks of her dreams: "I feel I could get a better job by going to college than staying in the street. Plus it's the right thing for a young lady to do."

Yvette's athletic gifts are equal to her hopes. Her coach, Laura Holden, states unequivocally: "Yvette is the most talented player I've ever seen. When I first saw her shoot, I just about fainted." But Holden is leaving Fremont, and no coach has been hired to replace her. Uniforms are in such short supply that they must be shared by three teams: Yvette has to retrieve her uniform from a volleyball player to pose for photographs. Says Holden: "If she was a young man and had this kind of potential and ability, there would be no question. But she doesn't get a fair shake." Fair or not, it is Yvette Lewis' best chance: "I'm going to stay with basketball and go as far as I can go with it."

The future for exceptionally gifted women athletes grows brighter: athletics is a meritocracy that, once discrimination is eased, provides a sure upward track for the talented. Women tennis and golf professionals already enjoy lucrative careers: Chris Evert alone has won almost \$1.5 million in prize money over the past five years. \$453,000 of it just last year. The development of other pro leagues is just a matter of time and the promotion of audiences willing to pay to watch women play.

Athletic Director Dee Kohlemeier of Hoover High School in Glendale, Calif., holds a minority view: "Girls sports are boring. I can watch a gym class for boys that has better skills than a varsity girls basketball team." Officials at New York's Madison Square Garden disagree. After a 1977 women's college basketball doubleheader drew 12,000 fans—who were treated to Montclair State's Carol Blazejowski's 52-point performance—Garden planners started to work on a women's tournament

A galaxy of Yale captains bringing new glory to the Old Blues



and similar bookings. Said one official: "We are in business to make a profit. If it helps women's sports, so much the better. But the bottom line is the bottom line—we can make money on women's basketball."

With success come all the pressures that long have been part of men's sports. The new emphasis on winning—and luring customers through the turnstiles—has produced a familiar syndrome of corruption. College recruiters, though technically barred from sweet-talking hot prospects, have nonetheless found ways to hound young, often unsophisticated athletes. Tales of under-the-table payments and inducements—a new car or post-school job—have begun to circulate. The A.I.A.W. has no full-time enforcement unit to oversee violations, subscribing instead to the credo that conscience is more powerful than compulsion. "We are built upon self-policing," says Joan Hult, head of the A.I.A.W.'s Ethics and Eligibility Committee.

However lofty that principle, it is difficult to maintain when large investments—in scholarship money, facilities, travel expenses and television revenues—are at stake. Already basketball coaches are luring transfer students to their campuses with no fear of penalty. The A.I.A.W., unlike the N.C.A.A., does not require transfer athletes to sit out a season. A 5-ft. 10-in. forward with a good fadeaway jumper can, and increasingly does, play musical colleges. Michigan Athletic Director Donald Canham watches from the sidelines and notes: "The women had a golden opportunity to establish an athletic program with the men's mistakes as a guide. I think women will regret the change. They now have almost an exact copy of men's sports—with all of the mistakes."

Women may well retort that the men should clean up their act, but it would be a tragedy if women cannot avoid mistakes and exploit the opportunity that lies before them. The revolution in women's athletics is a full, running tide, bringing with it a sea change—not just in activities, but in attitudes as well. Of sport and its role in preparing both sexes for adult life. Harvard Sociologist David Riesman says: "The road to the board room leads through the locker room." He explains that American business has been "socialized" by sport. "Teamwork provides us with a kind of social cement: loyalty, brotherhood, persistence." Riesman is one of a group of scholars who believe women have had trouble rising to high managerial positions in part because they never learned the lessons taught so well by competitive sports.

That surely is changing. Women now play an aggressive brand of lacrosse, as shown on TIME's cover by Penn State's Karen Pesto (in that game, Penn State tied Maryland 6-6, but later defeated its rival 9-3, to win the first national championship for women's lacrosse.)

Women are even beginning to play rugby, a disorderly contact sport that has always been a male preserve. Wearing shorts, shirts and cleats, the women grunt and curse in the scrum and pursue the ball with kamikaze intensity. To watch rugby is to witness, no matter the sex of the participants, and the women's only concession to the game's wide-open brutality is an acceptance of the need to substitute skill for muscle. In Chicago, a league of young women gathers each spring weekend for a rousing game—followed by the traditional round of beer drinking and songs.

No matter how important the shift in society's attitudes, the crucial change, the enduring alteration, takes place in the lives of individuals. Each time a young girl acquires the discipline to polish an athletic skill or learns to subject her ego to the requirements of team play, she helps gain the self-confidence that marks the healthy adult. Girls are showing they can be as determined as boys. In Lee, Mass., a high school softball pitcher named Linda ("Luke") Lucchesi, 18, informs the op-



posing bench. "Forget it, you guys. The gate is shut. Then she wins the game 11-4. Luke's attitude is shared by World-Class Miler Francie Larrieu.

25 "I have learned through athletics that if you believe in yourself and your capabilities, you can do anything you set out to do. I have proved it to myself over and over."

Researchers have found that the virtues of sport, when equally shared, equally benefit both sexes. Notes Dr. William Morgan, of the University of Arizona's Sports Psychology laboratory: "Athletes are less depressed, more stable and have higher psychological vigor than the general public. This is true of both men and women athletes."

If, as folklore and public policy have long insisted, sport is good for people, if it builds a better society by encouraging mental and physical vigor, courage and tenacity, then the revolution in women's sports holds a bright promise for the future. One city in which the future is now is Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

In 1969, well before the law, much less custom, required the city to make any reforms, Cedar Rapids opened its public school athletic programs to girls and, equally important, to the less-gifted boys traditionally squeezed out by win-oriented athletic systems. Says Tom Ecker, head of school athletics, "Our program exists to develop good kids, not to serve as a training ground for the universities and pros."

Some 7,000 students, nearly 3,000 of them girls, compete on teams with a firm no-cut policy. Everyone gets a chance to play. Teams are fielded according to skill level, and as a struggle between junior varsity or C-squad basketball teams is as enthusiastically contested as a varsity clash. Cedar Rapids' schoolgirl athletes compete in nine sports, guided by 144 coaches. Access to training equipment is equal too. The result has been unparalleled athletic success. In the past eight years, Cedar Rapids boys and girls teams have finished among the state's top three 68 times, winning 30 team championships in ten different sports.

Girls' athletics have become an accustomed part of the way of life in Cedar Rapids. At a recent girls' track meet, runners, shotputters, hurdlers, high jumpers pitted themselves: one by one, in the age-old contests to run faster, leap higher, throw farther. For many, there were accomplishments they once would have thought impossible. A mile relay team fell into triumphant embrace when word came of qualification for the state finals. Team members shouted the joy of victory—"We did it!"—and then asked permission to break training. "Now can we go to the Dairy Queen, Coach?" Granted.

The mile run was won by 17-year-old Julie Nolan of Jefferson High School. Sport is, and will remain, part of her life. "I've been running since the fifth or sixth grade. I want to run in college and then run in marathons." She admires Marathoner Miki Gorman, who ran her fastest when she was in her 40s. "That's what I'd like to be doing," she says. Asked if she has been treated differently since she got involved in sports, this once-and-future athlete seemed perplexed. "I don't know, because I've always been an athlete."

Kelly Galther, 15, has grown up in the Cedar Rapids system that celebrates sport for all. The attitudes and resistance that have stunted women's athleticism elsewhere are foreign to Kelly, a sprinter. Does she know that sports are, in some quarters, still viewed as unseemly for young women? "That's ridiculous. Boys sweat, and we're going to sweat. We call it getting out and trying." She has no memories of disapproval from parents or peers. And she has never been called the terrible misnomer that long and unfairly condemned athletic girls. "Tomboy? That idea has gone out here. It's vanishing everywhere."

The Weaker Sex? Hah!

Women playing lacrosse? Hockey? Women tackling each other in rugby and mixing it up in the scrum? Women running marathons? Small wonder that fathers, husbands and friends worry about the physical strains that the supposedly weaker sex is undergoing these days. Relax, fellas: there is little to be concerned about. Women are well suited to take part in rugged athletics. Indeed, women hold many long-distance swimming records for both sexes and have run men into the ground during ultra-marathon races 50 miles long. Says Dr. Joan Ulliot, a physiologist at San Francisco's Institute of Health Research and a world-class marathoner herself: "The evidence suggests that women are tougher than men."

Nature certainly designed women better than men for sport in one basic way. "A man's scrotum is much more vulnerable than a woman's ovaries," says Dr. John Marshall, director of sports medicine at Manhattan's Hospital for Special Surgery and the trainer for Billie Jean King. "A woman's ovaries sit inside a great big sac of fluid—beautifully pro-

tected." A woman's breasts are also not easily damaged. Scotching an old myth, Marshall says: "There's no evidence that trauma to the breasts is a precursor of cancer."

Such injuries as girls and women do suffer can often be blamed on improper condition or coaching. Girls are more loose-jointed than boys, making them somewhat more susceptible to injuries like dislocated shoulders. Women can also have problems with what is known as the "overload phenomenon"—putting too much force on a muscle, tendon or ligament. But that can be avoided with proper training. Says Dr. C. Harmon Brown, director of Student Health Services at California State University in Hayward: "Four years ago it was not O.K. for girls to participate in sports, and they were forced to be sedentary. Now it's suddenly O.K., but teachers are not equipped to show girls how to gradually improve their physical fitness and cut down on injuries."

Many women claim that athletics increases their sex drive. "Exercise puts sparkle in a woman's eyes, pink in her cheeks and creates a physical vitality that almost



tested." A woman's breasts are also not easily damaged. Scotching an old myth, Marshall says: "There's no evidence that trauma to the breasts is a precursor of cancer."

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A girl's training need not be less vigorous than a boy's. Dr. Barbara Drinkwater, a research physiologist at the University of California's Institute of Environmental Stress, found that prepubertal girls are precisely the same as boys in cardio-respiratory (heart-lung) endurance capacity. Parents who worry about their young daughters overtaxing tender hearts while turning a fast 440 should realize that the human machine is designed to shut down—through leg cramps, side stitches, and dizziness—if the strain is too severe.

Then there is the canard that a woman's menstrual cycle inhibits peak performance. World and Olympic records, however, have been set by women who were having their periods. Nor does exertion disrupt the cycle for most

bursts out," says Dr. Ulliot. "She becomes body centered and very sensual."

A serious woman athlete—even one who trains with weights—hardly faces the specter of turning into a Tarzan. The female body composition is only 23% muscle, in contrast to 40% for men. Dr. Jack Wilmore, president of the American College of Sports Medicine, has found that women, because they have low levels of the androgenic hormones that enlarge muscles, can increase their strength 50% to 75% with no increase in muscle bulk. Witness Virginia Wade, sleek and slender, who can serve a tennis ball at 92 m.p.h.

A top woman athlete has legs just as strong as those of a man her size in the same condition, but the man's arms would be twice as strong. Women have trouble throwing a ball as far as a man not only because of weaker muscles, but because their arms are relatively shorter and their shoulders not as broad. The result is less leverage and power.

One thing is certain: women have only just begun to achieve their athletic potential. Since women started to play the game later than men, they have some catching up to do—and they are. Men now run the 800 and 1,500 meters only about 10% faster than women; in the middle-distance swimming events, the difference is about 7%. Top women marathoners now finish about 30 minutes behind the male winners, and their times are improving every year. Yet the International Olympic Committee recently refused to allow women to run more than 1,500 meters in the 1980 Olympics. Ridiculous, says Dr. Wilmore. "You can train women as hard as you can train men, and the records will fall by the wayside."



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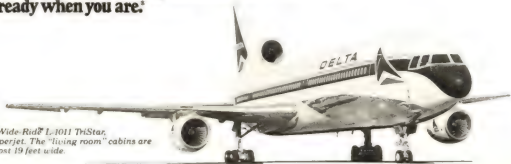
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Law



A.C.L.U. Executive Director Neier with Attorney Kunstler (left) and Legal Director Goldberger at First Amendment meeting

The High Cost of Free Speech

A.C.L.U. dilemma: defending "hateful and heinous" ideas

Frank Collin, 33, is a swaggering bullyboy who likes to dress up in a Nazi uniform, spout totalitarian dogma and howl racial slurs. Aryeh Neier, 41, the son of Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany, runs the American Civil Liberties Union, an organization that protects individual freedoms. For the past 14 months, Neier and the A.C.L.U. have defended the right of Collin and a small band of brownshirts to taunt the citizens of Skokie, Ill., thousands of whom are survivors of Nazi death camps.

Why? The answer is civil liberties gospel: if you fail to protect even the most odious and unpopular speech, you risk undermining all free speech. Basic to the First Amendment, the lesson is clear enough to the courts, which have struck down Skokie's attempts to keep the Nazis from demonstrating. Last week the Supreme Court refused to stop Nazi picketing planned for this Sunday in Skokie.

But the need to defend what Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes used to call "freedom for the thought that we hate" is not easy to accept, for a public whose thoughts naturally turn to gas chambers and attempted genocide. The A.C.L.U. has been bitterly attacked for defending Nazis' rights. Its membership, heavily Jewish, has dropped from a peak of 270,000 in 1976 to 200,000 today. A resultant \$500,000 decline in dues and gifts has caused staff layoffs of up to 15% in some state offices. There is now less money to defend civil rights and liberties of a more sympathetic kind. "People who joined us because of other great causes," Neier reports, "were stunned over Skokie."

The mass defections came as a surprise to the A.C.L.U. leadership. Founded in 1920, it has defended rights to freedom of speech and assembly on behalf of fascists and Ku Klux Klanners, as well as underdogs like Sacco and Vanzetti, the

"Scottsboro boys" and conscientious objectors in World War II. Though consistently the country's foremost protector of the Bill of Rights, the A.C.L.U. had acquired only 60,000 members by 1960. Its period of large growth came in the late '60s and early '70s, when civil rights and liberties became a popular cause and thousands of young people joined to help support Freedom Riders in the South and Viet Nam draft resisters. Says Neier: "We rode the crest of public concern." Now Neier and others feel that "the country is less concerned with individual rights. There is no dominant political issue, no sexy come-on. We're back to bedrock free-speech problems."

Author of a new book on the Skokie case, entitled *Defending My Enemy*, Neier had intended to resign last fall as executive director. After 15 years in the A.C.L.U., he admits, "I'm combat weary." But he postponed his exit a year to see the A.C.L.U. through the Skokie crisis. Internal wrangling, which forced Washington Director Charles Morgan Jr. and Legal Director Melvin Wulf out of the organization, has added to the strain on Neier. So has the revelation that union officials passed along information about its membership to the Federal Bureau of Investigation during the 1950s.

But the worst may be over for the A.C.L.U. A four-page letter by David Goldberger, 36, the lawyer who argued the Skokie case for the A.C.L.U., has calmed members' visceral dislike of the Skokie stand and helped drum up nearly \$500,000. A National Convocation on Free Speech last week in New York, along with a \$150-a-plate dinner addressed by liberal Senators Jacob Javits and Edward Kennedy, may raise \$250,000. At the convocation, few questioned the Nazis' rights. Yet the social cost of defending those rights stirred debate: "Expression and dissemination of

ideas, no matter how heinous, hateful, debatable, detestable, deplorable, banal, or provocative, must be totally unfettered," acknowledged Radical Attorney William Kunstler. But why, he asked, should a liberal organization defend the free-speech rights of would-be tyrants, when right-wing extremists crush free speech the moment they get power?

First Amendment rights are also easier to guarantee in theory than in practice, especially in a deeply divided society. "I'm not interested in court orders," snapped J.D.L. Leader Rabbi Meir Kahane, who has promised to have 3,000 supporters on hand if the Nazis do picket in Skokie. "If necessary, violence will have to stop it." Even if fighting does break out, the slurs of the antagonists will probably come under constitutional guarantees of free speech. The courts have upheld the right to use the most provocative slogans and symbols in public demonstrations. Only direct insults from one person to another are regarded as what the Supreme Court calls "fighting words" and not covered by the First Amendment umbrella.

Frank Collin and his brownshirts have said that they would be willing to "forget about Skokie" if they are able to demonstrate on their home turf in Marquette Park, a blue-collar enclave in Chicago. In three summers of racial assaults and rioting in Marquette Park, Chicago authorities have tried every legal device to deny the Nazis a parade permit. The latest, requiring a \$60,000 bond to pay any damages caused by street fighting, is being challenged this week by the A.C.L.U. in a hearing before a federal court.

Meanwhile, Skokie waits nervously. The town's 140-man police force will be bolstered by units from nearby towns and the Cook County sheriff's office. Several hundred state troopers will be on hand, backed by National Guard units on alert. Heavy precautions to protect Frank Collin and his sorry crew. But as the A.C.L.U. has learned this year, principle has a price. ■

Law

"I Want Him Dead"

Will Son of Sam be paroled?

Q. "Did you take the plea by yourself, or did the demons force you?"

A. "I took the plea, but that is what they wanted."

The defendant was David Berkowitz, 25, the notorious Son of Sam, who had killed five women and one man in a spree that terrorized New York City for more than a year. Two psychiatric panels had already declared him sane enough to be tried. But last week, Bronx Supreme Court Justice William Kapelman wanted to be sure that Berkowitz was legally capable of pleading guilty and receiving criminal punishment. "Notwithstanding any influence the demons might have had," he finally declared. "I hold you competent to be sentenced."

The sentence, imposed by judges from three local jurisdictions, was an apparently sufficient array of 27 prison terms totaling 547 years. It included six murder sentences of from 25 years to life, the maximum penalty allowed in New York State. Concluded Justice Kapelman: "It is this court's fervent wish that this defendant be imprisoned until the day of his death."

Unfortunately, as most New Yorkers see it, Kapelman may not get his wish. Berkowitz will be eligible to apply for parole in the year 2002, after serving only 25 years. New York's penal law, like many other state penalty statutes, provides for parole eligibility after a prisoner has served his minimum term, or, in cases which carry several sentences, after the single stiffest minimum has been served. The law was designed in 1965 to give courts and parole boards the capability of being lenient. But it also raises, at least remotely, the possibility that a deranged killer like Berkowitz could some day be returned to the streets. His case gives new ammunition to proponents of capital punishment in New York, where the death sentence is usually restricted to killers of law-enforcement officers (34 states now permit the death penalty).

Neyda Moscovitz, whose daughter Stacy, 20, was David Berkowitz's last victim, announced that she would meet with candidates in New York's gubernatorial primary to press for restoration of capital punishment. "I want him dead, dead, dead," she told reporters. Berkowitz's judges recommended that he never be paroled, but their counsel is in no way binding on future parole-board decisions. Said Queens District Attorney John Santucci: "The big fear is that those who follow us will forget what we went through."



Archaeologist Reynolds (left) and aide study posthole at Balbridie dig

Science

An Epic Find

Barley and Beowulf at site of 6,000-year-old Scots building

For the sheep and dairy farmers of northeastern Scotland, the summer of 1976 was unusually harsh. Prolonged drought had parched the countryside, ruining crops and turning flourishing grasslands into brownish straw. But for archaeologists of the Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Scotland, the dry spell was something of a bonanza. It had created ideal conditions for observing so-called crop marks, tell-tale patches on the ground that usually indicate buried remains of ancient building, farming or other activity. Flying over the rolling terrain that summer, the scientists spotted some 650 crop marks, all of potential archaeological interest.

Now, after a year of excavation at one of the more promising sites, a rectangular patch along the River Dee, the archaeologists have made a discovery that could sharply revise prevailing ideas about the beginnings of civilization in Scotland. Located near Balbridie Farm in Kincardineshire, on a sprawling estate west of Aberdeen, the dig has revealed the remains of what may be the oldest structure yet found in the British Isles: a late Stone Age building, reminiscent of the chieftains' hall in the epic *Beowulf*, that dates back some 6,000 years.

At first, archaeologists thought that the find was related to a 6th century A.D. building, similar in structure, at nearby Doon Hill, in East Lothian. But radiocarbon dating of the wood at Balbridie Farm indicates that the timber was felled as long ago as 4000 B.C. The composi-

tion and style of pottery shards found in one of the postholes are characteristic of that time. Thus the hall was apparently built at least 1,000 years before Stonehenge, and is several centuries older than a small timber hut in County Tyrone, Northern Ireland, that has until now been regarded as the most ancient building in the United Kingdom.

Most of the excavated timber fragments are badly charred. But enough evidence remains to show that the structure was 24 meters (78 ft.) long, 12 meters (39 ft.) wide and covered by a roof that rose some 9 meters (30 ft.) above the ground. It had such distinctive architectural details as bowed end walls, a building style usually associated with structures of the Dark Ages. Just as remarkable, the diggers turned up traces of barley seed, which indicate that the Neolithic builders were skilled agriculturists and perhaps even had domesticated farm animals.

Archaeologists Ian Ralston and Nicholas Reynolds, both 27, acknowledge that they expect "a large measure of disbelief" about their find. For one thing, its antiquity runs counter to the prevailing idea about the development of civilization in Scotland: that it slowly edged up from the south. On the contrary, the Balbridie building's age suggests not only that the old Scots were ahead of their English brethren—an appealing thought to any proud wearer of kilt and plaidie—but also that their society was as accomplished as those in the Middle East, where the first glimmers of civilization are generally thought to have appeared. Indeed, says Ralston, at a time when these old Scots were "supposed to be fumbling with the rudiments of agriculture," they were probably far ahead of many of their Stone Age contemporaries.



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Press

New Direction for the Star

Along with the cash, an infusion of seasoned talent at the top

Nearly every major capital in the Western world supports half a dozen or so daily newspapers. Every capital, that is, except Washington, D.C., which boasts only two dailies and has long faced the prospect of becoming a one-newspaper town. For more than 20 years, as the jaunty, aggressive, morning Washington *Post* (circ. 561,640) has enlarged its share of readership and advertising, the evening *Star* has waned. The struggling 126-year-old *Star* was assured survival last March when Time Inc. bought the paper for \$28 million, giving it a strong financial base. Since then *Star* watchers have waited to see what moves Time Inc. would make to improve the paper.

Part of the answer came last week when the *Star*'s two top jobs were filled by seasoned executives from Time Inc. Named as editor was Murray J. Gart, 53, who since 1969 has headed the TIME-LIFE News Service with the rank of assistant managing editor of TIME. The paper's new publisher is George W. Hoyt, 42, former president of a thriving Time Inc. weekly newspaper chain, the Chicago-area Pioneer Press.

The two appointments capped a series of personnel shifts and editorial changes that began shortly after Time Inc. acquired the newspaper. *Star* Veteran Sidney Epstein, 57, was promoted from managing editor to executive editor. Philip Evans, 44, and Barbara Cohen, 33, became joint managing editors, in charge of production and news, respectively. Edwin Yoder Jr., 43, a Rhodes scholar, was confirmed as editor of the paper's editorial page. The TIME-LIFE News Service has been providing the *Star* with stories from its own worldwide network of correspondents, as well as features adapted from Time Inc.'s other magazines: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, PEOPLE, FORTUNE, and MONEY.

Joe L. Allbritton, the feisty Texas tycoon who bought the paper in 1974, pumped in millions of his own money to keep it afloat. Allbritton had planned to stay on as the *Star*'s publisher for at least five years. However, last month he decided to leave the paper, to avoid possible conflict of interest problems over his ownership of WJLA-TV, a lucrative test-market value \$100 million local ABC affiliate that is up for license renewal with the FCC.

The *Star* had been without an editor since last November, when able James G. Bellows, 55, went to the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. Bellows had begun an energetic program of editorial rebuilding, but was convinced that Allbritton's aus-



Editor Murray Gart



Publisher George Hoyt

The curve is reversible.

terity moves, which had brought the paper back to near the break-even point, were blocking his efforts. Indeed, the work of both men had greatly strengthened the *Star*, but, says a *Star* staffer, "we've been rudderless since Bellows left."

Gart was a newspaper reporter and editor (Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, Wichita *Eagle* and *Beacon*) before joining TIME as Toronto bureau chief in 1955. As TIME's bureau chief in Chicago from 1959 to 1964, he covered both the Kennedy-Nixon and Johnson-Goldwater national presidential campaigns. Gart reported on the overthrow of the Diem regime in Saigon in 1963 and in 1965 went on to head the newsweekly's London bureau.

Known to his colleagues as a hard-nosed and resourceful news executive, Gart takes over a daily that, for all its history of economic tribulations, is one of the nation's liveliest evening newspapers. Under Editor Bellows, the *Star* recruited Pat Olliphant, possibly the most acute and entertaining cartoonist since David Low. Its saucy "Ear" has become one of the most widely copied gossip columns in the U.S. Other new features include Page One "In Focus" analysis of current issues and beefed-up commentary. The *Star* has not been able to approach the depth and breadth of the *Post*'s news and features, in part because its editorial staff is down to 207, vs. the *Post*'s 432. (The *Star*'s editorial budget is \$8.6 million, vs. \$20 million for the *Post*.)

The *Star* staffers who hung on through Allbritton's austerity years took pay cuts and worked Stakhanovite hours to keep the paper alive. Says Gart: "The *Star* people have been through an ordeal like no other newspaper staff I know. They have to be tougher, more resilient and more inventive than any other bunch in the country. That's one hell of an asset. That's what it takes to go places with a newspaper."

It takes more, of course. Thanks partly to cost cutting in the circulation and promotion departments, the *Star*'s circulation in the last audited year (ending March 31) was down 43,236, to a low of 329,147. Ad income also dropped, but new Publisher Hoyt is convinced that the downcurve is reversible. Time Inc. will spend some \$2 million in the next year to automate production, data-processing, typesetting and mailroom equipment. Says Hoyt: "My sense of the situation, the paper and the marketplace is that all the ingredients are here for a successful operation. It will stand on its own feet."

Most Washingtonians hope so. They include Vice President Walter Mondale, who called Gart to welcome him to D.C., and Washington *Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee, whose signal went out: "Welcome to our town. It's a good newspaper town, and it's going to be better because Murray's here."

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Art



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Figures on the Wide Screen

In New York, a show of Japanese genre painting

At the end of the 16th century there was virtually no contact at all between Japan and Europe. Yet by one of the odd coincidences of history, art began to move in a similar direction in both places at the same moment: there was a slow shift from high religious subjects toward the themes of everyday life. As Caravaggio painted his gamblers, gypsies and tavern scenes, so dozens of Japanese artists began to set down the details of street festivals and bathhouses on the largest "official" scale known to Japanese art—the *byōbu*, or folding screens, closely detailed and richly ornamented with gold leaf, which decorated the houses of the rich in Kyoto and Edo. These genre pictures give the most complete visual account of everyday life in old Japan that has come down to us, and a delightful selection of them (drawn from the Suntory Museum of Art in Tokyo) is on view at New York's Japan Society through July 9.

The exhibition contains some sharp reminders of cultural relativity. Since the Japanese were more insular than any other advanced culture, East or West, foreigners were objects of intense curiosity to them. The Portuguese traders and Jesuit missionaries whose caravels found their way to Japan in the 16th century were known as *nambanjin*, or "southern barbarians." Naturally, the artists knew next to nothing of the habits of these white-faced extraterrestrials with their quaint, long spindly noses. Yet they became a popular motif on screens, gesturing from their ships, clumsy as grounded kites in their absurd pantaloons. They were to Japan what the willow-pattern Chinaman became to England.

In describing the "Japaneseness" of common life, the artists (most of whose names have perished) devised a kind of visual equivalent to the long social descriptions in Victorian novels. What the genre

screens lack in iconic profundity, they make up for in their beguiling chatter of incident and their unfeeling decorative sense. Priests, archers, race jockeys, carpenters, nobles, swordsmen, dancing girls, cooks, vegetable sellers, water carriers, lackeys, Kabuki actors, fishermen—the cast of characters is wide, embracing most of the classes and occupations in Japanese society—seen from the detached eyeliner of upper-class patronage. The intimations of sympathy with underdogs that occasionally crop up in European genre painting are not to be seen here.

One of the most beautiful *byōbu* is the 17th century *Entertainments at a House of Pleasure*—an inventory of the resources of a refined, high-class brothel, populated

by dozens of crisply drawn, languid silhouettes of women and clients in—and out of—their party kimonos. On the right, above the moon-viewing platform, formal pleasures: the brewing of tea, a game of cards, and a manifestly alcoholic banquet. Beyond the screen, more sake and the music of the samisen. In the courtyard, a ring of dancing girls, stomping about like Dionysiac butterflies under the gaze of their fellow workers on the balcony, and on the left, the bathhouse and the assignation room, where a girl in a bronze-colored robe exhibits one male, abstract thigh with an air of consummate indifference, while the open door behind her discreetly indicates that her client has just left. Like other screens in the show, his one reminds us that—despite the wonders of democracy and industrial growth—the quality of life in Japan may not have remarkably improved in the past three centuries.

—Robert Hughes



Portuguese "barbarians" sail their caravel into harbor in a 17th century *nambanjin* painting. Also languid silhouettes, Dionysiac butterflies and white-faced extraterrestrials

Environment



On the shore, a female sea lion and a marine iguana head for Pacific waters



Yellow-spined land iguana basks in sun
Threatened by handouts from tourists.

Visit to the Enchanted Isles

The Galápagos are fighting for their survival

Lying astride the equator in the Pacific Ocean some 600 miles off the coast of South America, the Galápagos Islands are a fabled natural wonderland of giant tortoises, dragon-like iguanas and birds so fearless that they ignore the approach of a human. Old Spanish explorers called them Las Islas Encantadas (the bewitched or enchanted islands). It was here, among the exotic flora and fauna of the isolated islands, notably their startlingly varied finches, that the young Charles Darwin found the key evidence for his theory of evolution. Yet these unique biological enclaves, long despoiled by pirates and passing sailors, are still under attack. Thousands of peering, prodding, picture-taking tourists now visit the Galápagos annually, at considerable risk to the islands' frail ecology. To assess the damage already done to this irreplaceable showcase of evolution, a UNESCO team visited the islands this month. *TIME* Associate Editor Frederic Golden was with the group and sent this report:

Our guide was quite firm. "Please don't annoy her too much," he said as we approached a blue-footed booby that had decided to nest directly in our path. But even the guide, a serious young Australian biologist named Bob Close, could not resist the temptation, along with the rest of us, to poke a camera right in the face of the comic bird with the garishly colored webbed feet. The booby blithely continued to sit on her two eggs while the cameras clicked away. Said Close: "You would think that after having hundreds of tourists parade by them they would have learned to pick a more secluded place to nest. But they really seem to like the ground



Male frigate displaying scarlet throat sac

The dream of a simple, Gauguin-like life.

when it is all scuffed up by our feet."

Other creatures on the islands do not always take so kindly to human intrusion. When we moved toward a well-worn rock that had long ago been staked out by sea lions, a huge bull came huffing toward us and made it all too plain that he wanted us off his favorite perch. Our retreat was a prudent move; a few weeks earlier, a German tourist who insisted on holding his ground lost a leg to another enraged bull. The visitors can also inflict damage, even when they have the best of intentions. Biologists on Santa Cruz, one of the 13 major islands in the archipelago, were mystified recently when some of the iguanas they were studying stopped producing offspring. A little investigation provided the explanation: handouts from kindly tourists at a dock were drawing so many iguanas to the site that breeding territories were being broken up.

It is to protect animals and tourists alike from just such mishaps that Ecuadorian authorities have begun to impose strict regulations under the legislation that has turned most of the 3,000-sq.-mi. territory into a national park. Before visitors arrive from the mainland by boat or the twice-weekly plane, they must now get their proposed itineraries approved by park authorities. Once they are on the islands, they must stick closely to the marked paths laid out for visitors, always be accompanied by a trained guide and never touch, feed or molest the animals. Explains the park system's dedicated 26-year-old director, Miguel Cifuentes: "There is a place for humans in the Galápagos, but they must be integrated into the natural system without being permitted to overwhelm it."

Unfortunately, the islands have a long history of being overwhelmed. For centuries, passing ships freely helped themselves to the resident *galápagos* (Spanish for tortoises). Stacked in a ship's hold, these great beasts, which often weigh more than 500 lbs. and live for a century or more, can survive for a year without food or water. Thus in the days before refrigeration, they were an ideal source of fresh meat aboard ship. At least partly because of the sailors' depredations, three or four subspecies of tortoises were wiped out and still others threatened with extinction. In the late 19th century, the slaughter was extended to seals and sea lions, highly valued for their skins and furs. Even the chubby little Galápagos doves did not escape the carnage, since they were easy to



Blue-footed booby perching on rock

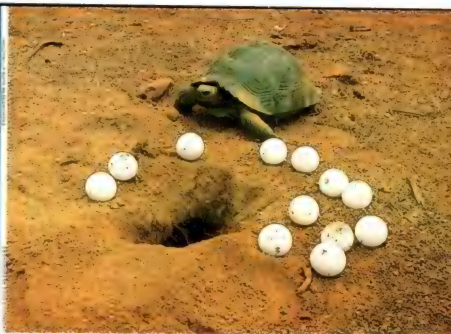
Nesting in the path of tourists.

catch and provided a tasty free meal.

More recently the killing has been done in the name of science. As late as the 1930s, zoos, museums and other institutions were carrying off shiploads of endangered species, many of which wound up as stuffed skins inside display cabinets. World War II also took its toll. Largely out of boredom, the U.S. servicemen who built and manned the airstrip on Baltra took potshots at iguanas, eventually making them extinct on that island. Some of the other assaults on Galápagos fauna and flora have also come through man's thoughtlessness.

Built up from the ocean floor millions of years ago, the islands are little more than volcanic rocks—"heaps of cinders dumped here and there," wrote Herman Melville. Despite the desolate appearance of the Galápagos, their isolation and the severe shortage of fresh water, intrepid colonizers have been trying to settle on the islands since the 19th century. The results were usually unsuccessful, and the settlers perished or fled. Even so, some of their animal companions—goats, cats, dogs, donkeys, pigs and, of course, the ubiquitous rat—remained behind to thrive, compete with and prey on the native wildlife.

Lately, humans too have secured a permanent foothold. A handful of the homesteaders are Americans and Europeans who were drawn by the dream of a simple, Gauguin-like life away from civilization. Most, however, are Ecuadorians from the mainland who engage in cattle raising or other types of farming. Even though these settlers are largely limited to the three islands with some fertile areas



Tortoise hovers near eggs dug from nest and marked by scientists



Santa Cruz, San Cristóbal and Floreana they now number more than 5,000, including several hundred Ecuadorian navy and air force personnel.

This population explosion has complicated the job of Cifuentes and his 50 park wardens. Some residents have angrily objected to the shooting of pillaging goats; they insist that the animals are part of their food supply. Indeed, one embattled fisherman secretly planted several goats back on an island after Cifuentes' marksmen had finally managed to eliminate these animals there. No less exasperating is the effort to keep residents from bringing in new grasses and trees for grazing land and timber. For example, balsa trees, introduced by settlers, are crowding out the more fragile—and uniquely local—native plants within the parkland. Rats have also become stubborn pests. Only on the small island of Bartolome have traps and poisons made any real inroads against the durable rodents.

In the past, Ecuador lacked the inclination, the money or the manpower to

do much about its priceless island territory, except to establish occasional penal colonies there. But in 1962 it got some badly needed international assistance with the opening of the Charles Darwin Research Station near Puerto Ayora on Santa Cruz. Staffed by resident and visiting scientists, largely from the U.S. and Europe, the station has conducted intensive investigations into the ecology of the islands and is now waging a major campaign, in collaboration with the Ecuadorians, to save endangered species. Darwin scientists have begun a tortoise-breeding program, raising them until the age of six or seven. By then the animals are large enough to fend for themselves against dogs and other predators and are released into the wild. Howard Snell, a young Smithsonian Peace Corps volunteer from San Diego, Calif., is conducting a similar iguana-rearing project.

Impressed by these activities, officials in the far-off Ecuadorian capital of Quito are showing a growing new pride in their island possession. Schoolchildren from the mainland are now regularly shuttled over on tours, during which they are told about the special place of the Galápagos in the history of biology. The Galápagos, too, are becoming less blasé about their heritage; the main street in Puerto Ayora is named Avenida Charles Darwin. Cifuentes, meanwhile, is making plans to extend the park area to the teeming coastal waters around the islands, which are chilled and fertilized by the cold Humboldt Current. Indeed, he sees the Galápagos as a kind of laboratory for the future in which man and beast harmoniously share the same wild habitat. Says Cifuentes: "Humans can live in the Galápagos, but they must do it in a boldly different way—without pollution, without despoliation, without any of the dreadful mistakes of the past."

People



After the ceremony, Hussein and his American bride pose for the album

There were no parades on camelback and no banners across the winding Amman streets. The wedding of Jordan's **King Hussein** and **Nur el Hussein** (Light of Hussein), nee Elizabeth Halaby in Washington, was a quiet family affair. In a four-minute Muslim ceremony at the palace of Hussein's mother, the blue-suited groom, 42, and his Dior-and-diamond-bedecked bride, 26, exchanged vows in Arabic. Those present, all male according to Islamic practice, included Lisa's father, former Pan Am Chief **Najeeb Halaby**.

At a reception in the palace garden, Pepsi and hors

d'oeuvres were served. Among the 500 guests the only foreign visitor of note was Secretary of State **Cyrus Vance's** wife **Grace**. After the traditional rose-syrup toasts, the newlyweds headed off for a honeymoon at Aqaba on the Red Sea. The bride's title had been a matter of some concern, since only two of Hussein's previous three wives became queens. After the wedding, a communique settled the question by referring to "King Hussein and Queen Nur."

Sisterhood was there in full force, and also some broth-

erhood. To raise funds for the faltering Equal Rights Amendment, **Shirley MacLaine**, **Bella Abzug**, **Carol Burnett**, **Robert Altman**, **Chevy Chase**, **Norman Lear** and 300 or so others dined on chicken and chili at Marlo Thomas' place in Beverly Hills. "It's a life and death struggle," boomed Abzug. Burnett declared: "I've always been apolitical, but this is a moral issue." Besides, as she says, "I have an investment in the future. I have three daughters."

"What could be better than working on a beach movie in the summertime?" asks **Suzanne Somers**, the lead in NBC's tersely titled special *Zuma Beach—the Most Beautiful Girl in the World*. The star of ABC's sexcom *Three's Company* plays a singer whose records don't sell. To learn why not, she hangs out on the sand with the high school crowd and soon becomes one of the gang. Surf's up. Water's right. *Beach Blanket Bingo*, anyone?

Ringlets, a straw hat, crimson satin bloomers—and sneakers. **Midge Costanza** knows how to dress for success. In fact, President **Carter's** aide stole the show last week at a fund raiser for the Women's National Democratic Club. The "political fashion show" at Washington's Arena Stage featured **Caron Carter** dressed as her mother-in-law and Louisiana Repre-



Somers suits up for a movie

sentative **Lindy Boggs** as **Lady Bird Johnson**. Costanza's role: **Amelia Bloomer**, the 19th-century suffragist who, by defending women's pantaloons, gave bloomers their name. Costanza, whose office has just been moved to the White House basement, flashed a hand-lettered sign: WANTED: OFFICE SPACE. During rehearsal she said to the youngster playing **Amy Carter**, "I've just decided your tree house will make a marvelous office for me. I can lower a tin cup and get messages."

On the Record

Arnulfo Arias, ex-President of Panama who was ousted from power and fled the country ten years ago: "Exile and jail are good for you. Don't be scared of them."

Pearl Bailey, entertainer: "I never ask myself how I do what I do. After all, how does it rain?"

Mario Puzo, author (*The Godfather*): "I find that the only thing that really stands up, better than gambling, better than booze, better than women, is reading."



At a Beverly Hills party, Feminist Fatales MacLaine, Abzug and Burnett rally in support of the ERA

HOW WEIGHT AFFECTS GAS MILEAGE

THE SAVINGS CAN BE DOUBLED IF WEIGHT IS REMOVED IN THE DESIGN STAGE.

A designer can reduce the exterior dimensions of a car by a few inches and turn it into a major improvement in gas mileage. That's because smaller is usually lighter, and a lighter car doesn't need as much gasoline to go a given distance as a heavier one.

It's really a process of multiplication, and it works like this: once the exterior dimensions are trimmed, the bumpers won't have to be quite as big, the frame won't have to be quite as long, and so on. This saves weight, and the savings begin to multiply. Wheels, axles, as well as other components, can often be smaller.

We used the multiplier effect when we designed our current 1978 midsize cars. To illustrate how this works: if you were to take 100 pounds of golf clubs out of your trunk, you might, depending on the car, save about five gallons of gas in 10,000 miles.

But if you take the same 100 pounds out of a car in the design stage, you won't need as large an engine, transmission, and other components to get good performance. So you can make components smaller and more than double the gas savings. That's what we try to do.

In redesigning our cars to take advantage of this effect, we made extended use of lighter, highly durable materials such as aluminum and plastic, adding up to an average weight-saving of 685 pounds. As a rule of thumb, this could save on the average about 75 gallons of gas in an ordinary year of driving (10,000 miles).

But weight isn't the only thing that affects mileage. Tire inflation pressures are important, so are lubricants. And an engine has to be properly maintained: one defective spark plug can knock down mileage by as much as ten percent. And remember, keep a light foot on the gas pedal; the way you drive may still be the most important thing of all.

So far, in our new resized cars, we've been able to reduce weight while still meeting all the safety standards. In these new cars more

corrosion-resistant materials are used. Routine maintenance schedules have been stretched out, and the need for certain kinds of maintenance has been eliminated entirely. We've done this, in our opinion, with no sacrifice in passenger comfort or useable space in the trunk.

Most important is the simple fact that saving weight saves gasoline.

Our goal is to build cars that are more and more efficient, to design them to meet our customers' needs, and to sell them at prices the average American can afford. That's the only way we can succeed in our competitive business.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation
to serve people

Medicine

The Petri Dish And the Patient

Predicting which drugs will work on cancer patients

Doctors play a guessing game about which drugs to use in combatting cancer. One problem is human individuality—what helps one person may fail to help another. In the search for the proper medicine, doctors must often subject a patient to a sequence of powerful drugs, many of which turn out to be ineffective against the malignant cells. Now a simple technique promises a means of testing the effectiveness of drugs in a specific case of cancer—without having to administer them to the patient.

A team of researchers at the University of Arizona Cancer Center in Tucson reported last week in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that cells from a patient's cancer can be grown, or cultured, in the laboratory and tested there to determine which drugs work.

Researchers have long been frustrated by their inability to get cancer cells from patients' tumors to grow rapidly in culture. But the Arizona team, led by Dr. Sydney Salmon and Cell Biologist Anne Hamburger, discovered three years ago that by "conditioning" culture medium with spleen cells taken from mice prone to cancer, they can grow tumor cells from people with common forms of cancer. (The mouse cells apparently produce some yet unidentified factor that supports the growth of certain human cancer cells.) According to Salmon, the cancer cells that thrive and form colonies in the laborato-



Hamburger and Salmon in Tucson lab

Some unknown factor made them grow.

ry's plastic petri dishes appear to be the tumor's "clonogenic," or "stem," cells. Though they account for less than 1% of all the cells in a tumor, these cells are thought to be the cancer's key replicating units; they divide and migrate, "seeding" new cancers in the body in a process called metastasis.

The Arizona team began applying anticancer drugs to cells taken from tumors and then culturing the cells in order to, in their words, "determine whether there are correlations between what is observed in the petri dish and in the pa-

tient." Tumor cells taken from nine people with myeloma, a bone marrow malignancy, and nine with ovarian cancer were exposed to varying concentrations of several anticancer drugs, then cultured in petri dishes. The researchers compared the effects of the drugs on the cultured cells with the patients' responses to the same drugs. In all but one case, the effects matched. If the drug prevented cancer cells from growing in the culture, it also killed them in the patient. If the drug had no effect in the petri dish, it did not help the patient. The team also found that while patients might have the same type of cancer, their cells in culture showed markedly different responses to the same drug. Sometimes sensitivity to a drug varied by a factor of 20 or 30.

The main value of the laboratory test, says Salmon, is that it can help the physician plan individual courses of treatment. For example, only 20% of people with cancer of the colon or rectum respond to the drug fluorouracil; the other 80% suffer needlessly from the drug's toxic effects. The new technique may have another benefit: it could be used to evaluate new anticancer drugs without endangering cancer patients.

The researchers stress that at least three years will be needed to verify and refine the technique. Says Salmon: "This is not now a clinical test available in every hospital. Until it has had adequate testing, it should be considered only a promising research tool." Still, that promise is exciting. *A Journal* editorial accompanying the paper notes that "an effective and practical predictive test for antitumor agents would have a profound effect on the treatment of cancer."

Milestones

MARRIAGE REVEALED. Yevgeny Yevlushenko, 44. Soviet Establishment poet and Jan Butler, 25. British translator who has been the poet's assistant for three years; he for the third time, she for the first. on April 20 in Moscow.

DIED. Nelson Poynter, 74, crusty chairman of his own excellent *St. Petersburg Times* and *Evening Independent*, and with his late wife Henrietta, a founder of Washington's *Congressional Quarterly*: of a cerebral hemorrhage; in St. Petersburg, Fla. Though they are editorially liberal in a conservative city, the *Times* and the smaller *Independent* have flourished and attracted would-be buyers, all of whom Poynter turned down. To be sure that his papers would not be sold after his death, he willed control of both to their editor, Eugene Patterson. Poynter also told Patterson how to report his death: "A one-column head, no comment or a bunch of silly tributes."

DIED. Robert Fabian, 77, legendary British detective who until 1949 headed Scotland Yard's Flying Squad; in Epsom, Surrey, England. Fabian said that to beat a crook one had to follow the "reasonings of his warped mind," but his findings were as often the result of tenacious 18-hour-a-day investigations. In his most famous case, the *Alec de Antiquis* murder in 1947, he traced the killers through a ticket sewn in the lining of a filthy raincoat. After his retirement, he lectured and wrote *Fabian of the Yard*. His book and sleuthing inspired movie plots and TV films.

DIED. Algur Hurtle Meadows, 79, oil mogul who gave Southern Methodist University about \$30 million in money and masterpieces to establish in Dallas a "prairie Prado"; following an automobile accident; in Dallas. In 40 years Meadows built up the small General American Oil Co. into a \$100 million diversified empire. Some of his forays into art acquisition were

less successful, as when he paid roughly \$500,000 for 44 "bargain" canvases that turned out to be fakes.

DIED. Thomas C. Poulter, 81, polymath who served as the scientific director on Rear Admiral Richard Byrd's second expedition to the Antarctic in 1933, invented seismic methods for the discovery of oil, and recorded the voices of sea mammals over the past 15 years; in Menlo Park, Calif. Poulter led the party that saved Byrd's life when the admiral, living alone near the South Pole, suffered from carbon-monoxide poisoning and began sending incoherent radio messages.

DIED. Kuo Mo-jung, 85, China's most prolific and durable literary figure; in Peking. A poet, novelist, dramatist and translator, he was also a propagandist who at the proper times sang the praises of Chiang Kai-shek, Stalin, Mao Tse-tung and Hua Kuo-feng.



Mike Fortwengler, House of Color TV, and his IBM System/32

"We couldn't have doubled our profit in two years without this small IBM computer."

"We were doing a quiet \$750,000 in volume a couple of years ago," says Mike Fortwengler, a TV and stereo retailer in Santa Clara, California. "And then our TV rentals started getting out of hand." That's when Mike Fortwengler brought in an IBM System/32.

"The TV sets were changing hands faster than we could keep track of inventory or send out invoices," Mike explains. "Within three days after the System/32 was installed, the rental problem was

under control. And then we began to use the computer for product inventory, payroll, accounts receivable. Since then, we opened a third store, went into the service contract business, and doubled our profit. That kind of growth would have been impossible without the System/32."

The IBM System/32 is designed to meet the growing needs of a small business. It can handle your accounting needs, including order entry, invoicing, payroll and inventory. And

it can provide sales analysis and critical management reports based on up-to-date information.

The System/32 is an affordable computer that's small enough to fit almost anywhere in your business. What's more, it is simple enough to be operated by your own people.

We'd like to show you how. To arrange for a personal demonstration of the System/32 or any other small IBM computer, call your nearby IBM General Systems Division office.

A small computer can make a big difference. IBM.



MATSUSHITA IN ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL:

How to help save a town from drowning and a nation from polluting.

Once man fought only the elements of nature. Now he also fights himself—air pollution, water pollution, industrial waste. In both the struggle of man against nature and man against himself, Matsushita Electric plays an important role with a combination of sophisticated technology and human understanding that reflects its unique business philosophy.

Somewhere in the vast and empty reaches of the Pacific, an unusual looking buoy bobs to the ocean's ceaseless rhythm. Its role is not to guide ships, but to guide man by warning of high winds and severe marine conditions. Conditions that could lead to typhoons and tidal waves capable of drowning entire towns.

At the same time, not far from a densely populated city, a vast telecommunication network of environmental observation and weather stations feeds information to a technician sitting at a central control panel. Suddenly a light flashes. Within moments a warning goes out that there are air-polluting emissions in excess of allowable limits.

That Ocean Data Buoy and that Air Pollution Monitoring System are just two of the many environmental control systems designed and built by Matsushita (pronounced Mot-soosh-ta) Electric.

KEEPING A FINGER ON THE DAM.

Since its birth 60 years ago, Matsushita Electric has been guided by a simple idea: science and technology must be harnessed for humane and life-enriching ends. The mammoth Masegawa Dam is a case in point. To help make sure the millions of gallons of water it holds back are translated into electricity, instead of disaster, a computerized Dam Water Control determines optimum water release rates and controls the gate openings necessary to achieve them.

And what Matsushita can do for water, it can do for the air we breathe.

CLEANING AUTO EMISSIONS.

It's called the Matsushita Cloth Catalyzer. Still in the experimental stage, it's designed to perform a highly complex job: to help eliminate one of the major causes of air pollution—the exhaust from autos.

The exhaust from autos is even more of a problem in enclosed areas such as tunnels and underground parking lots. For this problem there is another Matsushita environmental achievement—Martzclean.[®]

Martzclean is an air-purifying reagent that for the first time simultaneously and effectively removes poisonous sulphur and nitrogen oxides from the air.

OYSTER SHELLS AND TYPHOONS.

For schools, factories and even office buildings, Matsushita has solved a man-made problem by helping to develop a unique sewage system that purifies kitchen and toilet waste with oyster shells. To help solve a far different problem, Matsushita has also developed a Disaster Alert System. An area-wide radio network used to send early warnings of high winds or typhoons.

But there's yet another environment that Matsushita Electric and all businessmen are concerned about.

THE ENVIRONMENT OF PROFIT.

It is thriving at Matsushita Electric with 1977 sales of \$7.8 billion. Including our *Panasonic*, *Quasar* and *Technics* by *Panasonic* brands in the U.S. and Canada and our *National* brand available virtually everywhere else. Matsushita stock is traded worldwide including both the New York and Pacific Exchanges (symbol MC).

Yet while Matsushita Electric realizes that profit is vital to business, it also realizes that a company's contribution to society is even more important. Only when Matsushita contributes to society can it expect to profit. Or, put another way, only when Matsushita helps man's environment can it help Matsushita's environment. It is a system where everyone profits.

To learn more about Matsushita Electric and our environmental controls, write: Matsushita Electric Corporation of America, Communications Department, One Panasonic Way, Secaucus, N.J. 07094.

Man's delicate atmosphere is monitored, guarded and purified by a wide range of sophisticated environmental control systems developed and manufactured by Matsushita Electric

MATSUSHITA ELECTRIC
PANASONIC TECHNICS QUASAR NATIONAL



**"Since all airline meals are pretty much the same,
our service can't be."** Frank Borman, President, Eastern Airlines.

If you pick an airline by the food it serves, you'll have a hard time deciding. The truth is all airline food is pretty much the same.

This doesn't mean we're not interested in serving the best quality food. It just means we realize that there are other things you're interested in besides what's on the plate.

At Eastern Airlines, we feel it's people that make the difference between airlines.

There's a total commitment to giving you good, comfortable, hassle-free service from all 34,000 of us. That means reservation agents, baggage handlers, mechanics, pilots, flight attendants, departure service personnel and all the rest. Some work behind the scenes and some you meet face to face. But they all play an important part in

getting you to your destination. So it's teamwork that leads to a successful flight.

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So you see, we not only care about serving good quality food, but we know that how we dish it up counts, too.

Knowing all this has helped us. For the second year in a row, we've flown almost two million more passengers than the year before.

There are other airlines out there that you could fly. So if we want you to fly Eastern all the time, and we do, we have to earn our wings every day.



EASTERN
THE WINGS OF MAN

50

Books

Return to the Planet of the Apes

LOOK WHO'S TALKING! by Emily Hahn
Thomas Y. Crowell; 168 pages; \$8.95

Since the Fall it has been one rude truth after another. Copernicus elbowed us from celestial stage-center with his observation that the earth revolves around the sun. Darwin opened the closet of evolution

Hahn keeps her professional distance and differentiates between communication that is characterized by animal instinct and communication that is conceptual and learned from humans. A parrot

that asks for a cracker is only mimicking a human or another parrot. But a chimpanzee who can "speak" in Ameslan (American sign language) or Yerkish by striking combinations on a keyboard of color-coded symbols seems to be creating syntax, a property of human language. It is not the voice but the process that is critical.

Yet the process has

stranger says "Hi" a cat will, according to its nature, back away or make a threatening gesture or merely ignore." At Ringling Brothers Circus, Animal Trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams soothes his tigers with a friendly "Wuzza, wuzza, wuzza." "I have this feeling," he says, "the animal knows how nice I am when he hears me; it's not the words but the sound of it." Gebel-Williams has little use for bears because they don't look you in the face, and chimpanzees because "all the time they have their minds on how to get the upper hand."

Researchers who train chimps in sign language and the manipulation of word symbols called lexigrams have often found this to be true. A full-grown chimpanzee has great strength and must be respected. Says one scientist: "If I get into an argument with Billy or Washoe or some of the other chimps, I try to change the subject." Earlier books on the subject report that some simian students are eager to join the human club. A female chimp placed a photo of herself in a pile



Author Emily Hahn interviewing a trio of simians. Two-year-old chimp, right, apparently gives the sign for "eat" to her older companion.

to introduce family skeletons that further questioned our singular divinity. Under the damp side of civilized behavior, Freud found the perpetually rutting id.

There was still one salvaging grace: the act of language that distinguished mankind from what Descartes called the *bête machine*, the instinctual and mechanistic animal unlit by the powers of abstraction or speech.

Or is it? In her 48th book, Emily Hahn surveys the evidence leading to this question and cautiously alights on the side of the monkeys. It is something of a miracle that in *Look Who's Talking!* she does not end up talking to herself. For the controversial subject of communication between humans and animals can be one long semantic rabbit hole down which any curious Alice can easily lose her orientation. Definitions of language differ among physiologists, behaviorists, linguists and philosophers, with the gloomy Ludwig Wittgenstein once suggesting that even if a lion could talk, we would not understand it. Sapient quadrupeds and "talking" lesser primates could also challenge a sacred precept of Western culture: that man is superior to nature.

been difficult to identify. At the turn of the century, a horse called Clever Hans gave demonstrations of reading and factoring. By nodding and shaking his head and by tapping his hoof, Hans answered questions put to him by his owner, a German mathematics teacher. The animal's fame spread, until an examining board of skeptics discovered that Hans was cued by the gestures of his trainer. It appears that he made inadvertent movements whenever Hans reached the correct number of nods or taps, and that was enough to tell the animal to stop.

According to one of the author's informants, a psychologist named Michael Fox, about 80% of all human communication consists of nonverbal gestures. Dogs are ever watchful of their master's changing stance and expression, a genetic inheritance from their wolf past when subtle shifts in packmates' ears, eyes or tails communicated fear or aggression.

In Arizona, Hahn learns how not to communicate with a cat. "Because the aggressive posture of the cat is the locked-eye gaze," she is told, "cats will transfer this reaction to humans, and when the

Excerpt

“Up at the far end of the room some more primatologists had entered, and my party joined them. I didn't, because I wanted to see more of the baby chimps in their nursery. After a bit I started back toward the Teletype and paused for a last glimpse of Lana, who seemed to be amusing herself watching slides. If her eyes slewed to the side to take me in, and I think they must have, I didn't notice. All I saw was that Lana had begun some rather strange behavior, shifting from one foot to the other. It should have warned me, but my mind was still on the infant chimps. Suddenly Lana's body hurtled through the air at me and landed against the wall with a ferocious crash. I was expected to jump away in fright, which would have pleased her. But my reactions are always lethargic, and I didn't move except to blink.”



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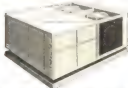
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Books

with Eleanor Roosevelt but a snapshot of her own father with the four-legged beasts. A chimpanzee with a degree in Yerkes or Ameslan exhibits the ability to form concepts from his store of word symbols. The Indian who called a gun a "fire stick" or the remote tribe who named an airplane "steam chicken" seems to have employed a conceptual process similar to the chimpanzee who termed a duck a "water bird" or a radish "cry hurt fruit."

But who can be sure? As an experienced journalist who has contributed to *The New Yorker* for more than 50 years, Hahn balances her enthusiasms for the unknown with a reverence for facts and, when necessary, the lack of them. "Though total silence still holds between the two species," she writes of chimps and men, "the linguistic exchanges now happening will serve to underscore the close biological relationship between the two." Still, like the upwardly mobile chimp who thought she was human, there are humans who seem more willing to believe in the possibility of communication with superior extraterrestrials than in a probability of a common bond here on their own planet of the apes.

—R.Z. Sheppard

Mao's Misfits

THE EXECUTION OF MAYOR YIN
AND OTHER STORIES FROM THE
GREAT PROLETARIAN CULTURAL
REVOLUTION

by Chen Jo-hsi; Indiana University
Press; 220 pages; \$8.95

One of the losses of recent history is that during the long reign of Mao Tse-tung China produced almost no literature worthy of its tradition. Good living writers were silenced. Bookstores carried mainly the sententious classics of Maoism. That great modern political upheaval, the Cultural Revolution, should have provided the raw material for a thousand creative volumes. It produced not a single novel, story, play or opera published in China. Indeed, were it not for Chen Jo-hsi's collection of poignant stories set in the China of the '60s and early '70s, it is very likely that the entire epoch, during which the lives of hundreds of millions of people were profoundly shaken, would never have found its way into contemporary literature.

Chen Jo-hsi was born on Taiwan in 1938. After several years in the U.S., she emigrated to Communist China. She arrived in 1966 and left, disillusioned, in 1973. While in China, she never wrote a line. But once out, she set to work: all the traumas and hardships and lost hopes of her seven years on the mainland are in these stories of ordinary people.

In one, an elderly local official who, too unsophisticated to comprehend the twists and turns of the Cultural Revolution, is executed by a group of Red Guards. Unable to perceive that he has

become a victim of irrationality and self-righteousness, he clings like some Chinese Billy Budd to the one bit of certainty he knows. At the moment of his unjust death, he shouts, "Long live the Communist Party! Long live Chairman Mao!" Another less innocent victim is Jen Hsiu-lan, a proud, fanatical woman revolutionary who loses out in one of the revolution's murky factional twists. Rather than submit to the humiliation of self-criticism, she drowns herself in a cesspool.

All these affecting stories are chronicles of personal trial. Keng Erh is a scientist, returned from America, who enjoys the privileged status of a leading intellectual: a maid, a small apartment of his own, even a refrigerator. But he is forbidden to marry the woman of his choice because of her "bad" class background. In "Chairman Mao Is a Rotten Egg," a young mother is virtually overcome by anxiety because her small child is rumored to have repeated a counterrevolutionary slogan picked up on the street from his playmates. K'uai Shih-fu is a common worker who, irritated because he cannot buy fish at the market, is provoked into a small but redeeming act of political defiance. These subtle, honest tales are apt to be considered literary oddities, parochial stories set in an exotic political landscape. They deserve greater esteem. *The Execution of Mayor Yin* is in the great tradition of Orwell and Solzhenitsyn; its true subject is the survival—and sometimes the defeat—of the human spirit in its lonely quest for integrity.

Chen Jo-hsi reserves a special scorn for devotees of those I've-been-to-China travelogues that portray a China far more unreal than her fiction. *Nixon's Press*



Chen Jo-hsi at home in British Columbia
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Books

Corps shows the enforcers of the Communist Party requiring entire neighborhoods to tear down their makeshift laundry drying racks suspended from people's dwellings so that they will not be eyesores for the foreign visitors. In fact, the visitors never turn up. The lesson here is that often the most difficult struggles come, not in grand political arenas, but in the small and petty matters of everyday life. With the American press safely out of the way, the people set about the tasks of reconstructing the details of their lives. But, "long after Nixon left China and arrived back in the United States," Chen concludes, "the drying racks in our dormitory had still not been completely rebuilt."

— **Richard Bernstein**

Viva Horatio

A TIME FOR TRUTH

by *William E. Simon*

Reader's Digest Press

248 pages; \$12.50

TWO CHEERS FOR CAPITALISM

by *Irving Kristol*

Basic Books; 274 pages; \$10

While most people would not be caught dead reading the novels of Horatio Alger, two current writers are quite proud that they are fans. Former U.S. Treasury Secretary William Simon and Political Commentator Irving Kristol believe the trouble with conservatives is that they do not read Alger and subscribe to his values of uplift through hard work, diligence, self-reliance and probity. This disinterment of an author whom liberals thought they had buried is another illustration of a certain sprightliness in conservative thought these days. If conservatives are not advancing bold new ideas, they are recycling old ones with considerable inventiveness.

In his foreword to Simon's book, Economist Friedrich A. Hayek says he cannot understand how a man of such outspoken views could have held a high Government post. Simon indeed prides himself on speaking out with all the exuberance of an Alger hero, and although it was always rumored that he was on the brink of being fired, he managed to survive. As Richard Nixon's energy czar, he hoped, in vain, to preside over the liquidation of his own empire. He writes, "There is nothing like becoming an economic planner oneself to learn what is desperately, stupidly wrong with such a system."

Simon's harsh, free enterprise medicine is easy to take because it is spiced with considerable wit, especially at the expense of dissembling politicians. During New York City's 1975 fiscal crisis, he was cast as the villain because he would not offer a federal bailout. In private, some New York politicians told him to continue to hang tough for the good of the city; when he asked for their public support, they re-

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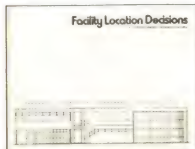
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Books

coiled in horror. Yet conservatives were frequently no better, writes Simon. "As is so often the case in our society, when the liberals orchestrate a nationwide uproar over good vs. evil, all those defined as evil suffer an acute loss of nerve."

Simon wants to restore their nerve by establishing a conservative "counterintelligence" that will answer the liberal Establishment, charge for charge. Forget about giving any more money to foundations that simply sponsor attacks on capitalism, says Simon. Swamp the new group of conservative thinkers with "grants, grants and more grants in exchange for books, books and more books."

Like Simon, Kristol believes that conservatives have suffered from a lack of ideas. He takes issue with such champions of the free market as Hayek and Milton Friedman, who believe that capitalism is its own reward, that its blessings are automatic and should be appreciated



William E. Simon

Irving Kristol

Probing toward a "counterintelligence."

for what they are. Echoing untold prophets and philosophers, Kristol warns that materialism is not enough. People have to believe that an institution offers a model for behavior.

Capitalism must recover its moral content, argues Kristol, if it is going to survive. This is what Horatio Alger provided in such abundance for generations gone by. A businessman did not become a success just by making money. Heaven forbid! He was successful because capitalism encouraged certain character traits that used to be admired and are now disdained as "bourgeois virtues." For decades, writes Kristol, "liberal capitalism has been living off the inherited cultural capital of the bourgeois era and has benefited from a moral sanction it no longer even claims. That legacy is now depleted, and the cultural environment has turned radically hostile."

Republicans, writes Kristol, are going to have to start thinking less like businessmen and more like statesmen. By being practical instead of thoughtful, they become prisoners of circumstances beyond their control: namely, the governmental machinery that has been set up by Democrats with blueprints to burn. Their schemes may be bogus or utopian, but they stir emotions and build up a follow-

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Books

ing. Instead of sourly sniping at the welfare state, which is here to stay, Kristol urges Republicans to offer their own conservative version. A basic principle would be to let people provide for their own security as much as possible instead of having the Government do it through taxation. Medical or life insurance premiums, for instance, could be made tax-deductible, at least up to a point. Such policies, says Kristol, would combine the "maximum degree of individual independence and the least bureaucratic coercion."

These books indicate a certain shift in conservative thinking. They are not so much polemical assaults on the left as probing critiques of their own faith. Such candid self-examination may give liberals genuine cause for alarm. — **Edwin Warner**

Editors' Choice

FICTION: *Final Payments*, Mary Gordon • *Picture Palace*, Paul Theroux • *Stories*, Doris Lessing • *The Left-Handed Woman*, Peter Handke • *The New Oxford Book of English Light Verse*, edited by Kingsley Amis • *The World According to Garp*, John Irving

NONFICTION: *A Considerable Town*, M. F. K. Fisher • *A Place for Noah*, Josh Greenfeld • *Russian Thinkers*, Isaiah Berlin • Samuel Beckett, *Deirdre Bair* • Scribble, Scribble, *Nora Ephron* • *The Gulag Archipelago III*, Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Bloodline*, Sheldon (2 last week)
2. *Scruples*, Krantz (4)
3. *The Holcroft Covenant*, Ludlum (1)
4. *Stained Glass*, Buckley (5)
5. *The Human Factor*, Greene (3)
6. *The World According to Garp*, Irving (8)
7. *The Thorn Birds*, McCullough (7)
8. *The Last Convertible*, Myrre (8)
9. *Evergreen*, Plain
10. *The Women's Room*, French (10)

NONFICTION

1. *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?*, Bombeck (1)
2. *The Complete Book of Running*, Fitts (2)
3. *Pulling Your Own Strings*, Dyer (3)
4. *RN: The Memoirs of Richard Nixon*, Nixon (5)
5. *My Mother My Self*, Friday (4)
6. *Running and Being*, Sheehan (10)
7. *Metropolitan Life*, Lebowitz (6)
8. *Gnomes*, Huxley & Poorviller (8)
9. *The Amityville Horror*, Anson
10. *Adrien Arpel's 3-Week Crash Makeover: Shapeover Beauty Program*, Arpel with Elbenstein (7)

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Theater

Shakespeare, Chekhov & Co.

Silver anniversary at Ontario's Stratford Festival

Two salvos of cannon fire traditionally open the Stratford Festival in Ontario. From now to Oct. 18, salvos will follow in the form of productions mounted by the festival's indefatigable artistic director, Robin Phillips. Herewith, a trio of openers.

UNCLE VANYA
by Anton Chekhov

Chekhov had a matchless co-author—the audience. That is what makes him actor-proof. Any of his plays may be somewhat miscast, or slightly askew in performance, as this Stratford production of *Uncle Vanya* is, yet the audience customarily leaves the theater in a state of emotional agitation, if only by what it has itself contributed.

Some of this is happenstance and some of it is genius. To begin with, the essential mood of a Chekhov play is autumnal, even when it is populated by the young. The typical theater audience is, in the main, middle-aged. There is scarcely a middle-aged man or woman who does not ask himself or herself in the course of a day or a week, "Why am I doing this? Why am I living like this? If only..."

No action occurs in Chekhov's plays, only this haunting "if only" of decisions not made, options not taken. Chekhov speaks about people whose lives are past retrieving. He conveys a pressing sense of loss—lost dreams, lost opportunities, lost hopes, lost loves, lost lives. At one point, a character says to Uncle Vanya: "You've been drinking all day. Why?" And he answers: "It helps me forget that I'm not alive."

Chekhov's tactic is the intercepted monologue. Occasionally one character overhears another character telling the world how sorry he is for himself. The world turns out to be the audience. Self-pity is one of the most powerful weapons in Chekhov's dramatic arsenal, but it only elicits sympathy for his characters because he engages the audience in personal self-pity. The playgoer is not necessarily devastated when the cherry orchard is sold at the auction block or by news that the three sisters never get to Moscow. But it is a rare playgoer who has no nagging, nettling memory of property or money lost, or of a move not made.

The other master stroke by which Chekhov gets the audience to be his collaborator lies in his intuitive understanding that the only undying love is unrequited love. In *Uncle Vanya*, Vanya (William Hutt) is desperately smitten with

Elena (Martha Henry), wife of the crabbed Professor Serebriakov (Max Helpmann), who is many years her senior. Not out of any binding moral scruples, Elena treats Vanya's advances with lacerating indifference. Sonya (Marti Maraden), Vanya's niece, has adored Dr. Astrov (Brian Bedford) for six years, and he has never been aware of it for six seconds. Astrov in turn lusts for Elena, and lust is within commuting distance of love, but again it is in vain.

Out of the simmering minihell of incessantly frustrated emotions in a barren provincial outpost of non-civilization, this particular cast stirs up only a tempest in a samovar. Vanya should be compacted of anguish; Hutt is merely consumed by pique. When he shoots at Serebriakov and misses him twice, one hears only the toy pistol retort of a toyed-with emotion.

When Dr. Astrov speaks of the ravaged soil of Russia, he means his ravaged soul as well, but Bedford delivers the lines like an ad campaigner against environmental pollution. Henry's Elena is a *femme fatale* of provocative dimensions, but she moves with a languor that confuses sensuality with sedation. If purity of spirit can burn away the dross of circumstance, then Maraden's Sonya is a quenchless flame, albeit a small one.

But never fear. Chekhov will always be in the best of hands: his own and those of audiences who can never resist his appeal for co-authorship or deny the stinging reproof of their own desolated lives.



Pennell and Henry reach out to each other in a final moment of shared anguish in *The Devils*. Will mankind ever be ready to recognize and forgive its authentic saints?

THE DEVILS

by John Whiting

Witch hunts never cease; only the witches change. Early 17th century France was rife with witch trials. Aldous Huxley chose to write about one that occurred in 1634. His book *The Devils of Loudun* provided the material for this raw adaptation. Since British Playwright John Whiting's early death in 1963, the play has acquired something of a cult following. Cult plays rarely improve on revival, and *The Devils* is no exception, but they do often contain scenes or ideas of piquant interest.

The spark that ignites this particular witch trial lies in the perverted erotic imagination of Sister Jeanne (Martha Henry), prioress of St. Ursula's Convent in the town of Loudun. She tells her confessor that in tormented night hours, she is forced to utter obscene words and participate in obscene acts. The nuns in her charge are similarly afflicted. In a fit of possession, with her strangled sepulchral voice suggesting *The Exorcist*, Sister Jeanne reveals the devil inside —Grandier—a neighboring vicar whom she has never actually seen.

Grandier (Nicholas Pennell) is the sexiest of priests and the soul of romantic ardor, whether consoling widows or initiating virgins. He is also witty, proud and urbanely condescending, almost courting enemies low and high. The highest, Cardinal Richelieu, has him brought to trial, at which he is condemned and burned at the stake.

The play is rather like one of those examination tests against the clock in which the student is urged not to linger unduly over the puzzlers but to try to com-

Theater

plete as many questions as possible. Whiting gets through a lot of questions, but the answers are in invisible ink.

Among his more provocative propositions: that man created God in his own image; that a man cannot comprehend God's transcendent love unless he has fully experienced the carnal love of a woman; that God is a cosmic jokester, with man as his butt and the earth as his torture chamber; that nothingness is the bedrock meaning of existence.

In the final agony of Grandier's death throes, the most frustrating question of all arises: was he all along a male Saint Joan, a martyr not so much to God but to mankind's inability to receive and forgive its authentic saints? Nicholas Pennell's Grandier makes the transition from seductive charmer to skeptic to nail-perfected witness of faith with ever mounting authority. Martha Henry is not as lucky with her Sister Jeanne. She seems more like a closet loony than a woman overwhelmed by a powerful but long-suppressed sexuality.

Elevation of spirit is the obvious intent of Whiting's language, but an affluence of rhetoric is what we often get. With the play running a ponderous three hours, a pace-and-scissors job might be a distinct blessing.

MACBETH

by William Shakespeare

Part of the awe *Macbeth* inspires in a playgoer is that of watching a voracious bird of prey. Sworn in honor to be a trusted host to Duncan, the King, Macbeth swoops on his sleeping sovereign and murders him. As the new King, he wheels on his best friend, Banquo. When

a mettlesome foe, Macduff, threatens him, Macbeth's talons are unsheathed to mortally savage Macduff's wife and her entire brood. Finally, all Scotland falls bleeding prey to his gashing beak.

A figure of terror Macbeth surely is, but a figure of pity never. On or off the stage, worldly men of vaulting ambition rarely evoke pity. And Macbeth is the worldliest of Shakespeare's tragic heroes. He is too much the pragmatist ever to have divided up his kingdom as Lear does, or fall prey to jealousy or doubt as Othello and Hamlet. While Fate does bring him low, Macbeth's power plays are realistic assessments of how to seize and hold the crown. But he is afflicted by conscience of a kind. Just prior to killing the gentle Duncan, Macbeth ponders how the horror of it will be perceived in the minds of others:

... his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind...

Lady Macbeth sees that such thoughts will sap her husband's resolution. Maggie Smith is as cool as a cobra and just as wily in the role. She drips venom on his slumbering courage but only to rouse his unsleeping lust for power. It is a masterly performance of unswerving precision. Her sleepwalking scene is chillingly cataleptic. It is a performance that will be treasured by audiences long after the Festival is dismantled.

Initially, Douglas Rain's Macbeth lacks something of the seasoned field soldier's habit of command. When he looks down at his bloodied hands, he resembles an apprehensive boy caught with spilled jam. However, he grows in authority as his kingship dwindles and seems most regal when his deeds are most evil. The cast does good ensemble work, and in the role of Macduff, Stephen Russell displays a riveting stillness of presence and a limpid delivery of the Shakespearean line that mark him for further distinction.

The double imagery of blackness and blood that dominates the play is projected with cinematic dexterity by Co-Directors Robin Phillips and Eric Stein. The same cannot be said for the treatment of the text, laboriously articulated as if for slow listeners. This seriously hampers the tempo of a play that should speed an audience headlong toward the hero's fierce doom. —T.E.K.



Eilber and Shearer in *Dance Machine*

Dionysiacs

THE AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE

If the book is the mind of a musical and song is its voice, the dance is its body. Dancers are engines of the Life Force. Whether their arms and legs create designs of mass unity or tell a balletic joke or commingle in primordial fertility rites, the dancers celebrate the grace, power and beauty of the human form.

What of the king of the gypsies, the choreographer? The book is printed, the songs are often recorded, but the dances recede into the mists of ever fainter memory. In 1975, Lee Theodore founded a company specifically dedicated to retrieving and reperforming dance treasures of the U.S. musical theater. With Denny Shearer as Dance-Narrator, *The American Dance Machine* at Broadway's Century Theater is a handsome retrospective tribute to some of the top U.S. choreographers. Films aside, when was the last time you saw Michael Kidd's *Whip Dance* from *Destry Rides Again* (1959) or Bob Fosse's *Rich Kid's Rag* from *Little Me* (1962) or Onna White's *If the Rain's Gotta Fall* from *Half a Sixpence* (1965) or Danny Daniels' board-splintering *Clog Dance* from *Walking Happy* (1966), just to list a few?

The entire company is one of agile Dionysiacs. But some celestial potter who fashions divinity from clay must be responsible for Janet Eilber. She is a long-stemmed American beauty of absolute skill and mesmeric dramatic presence. In Agnes de Mille's *Funeral Dance* from *Bragadoon* (1947) she turns a young widow's grief into a threnody of rage, and in *Come to Me, Bend to Me* from the same musical she wondrously conveys a bride-to-be's hot blood and apprehensive ecstasy before the marriage bed. Broadway may be watching a future star. —T.E.K.



Rain and Smith in *Macbeth*

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